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MDCCCXLII

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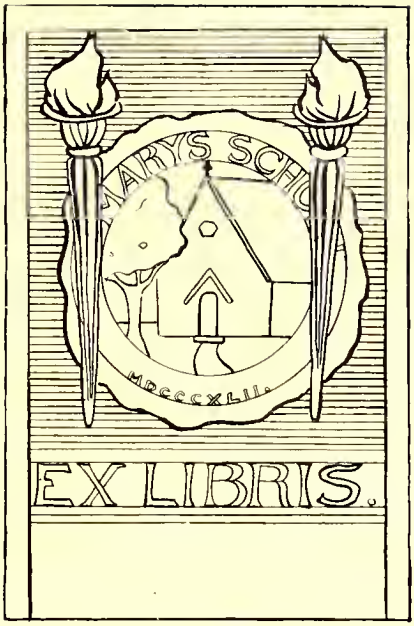
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THE MUSE

PUBLISHED BY
THE MUSE BOARD

VOL. XXVI
1924

THE YEAR BOOK OF THE STUDENTS OF
SAINT MARY'S SCHOOL
RALEIGH, N. C.

Saint Mary's School Library

Foreword

May this book bring back to you
Sweet memories of the past,
And bring Saint Mary's to your eyes
The way you saw it last.

Years may swiftly come and go,
But the memory will never fade
Of the days you've spent in this dear school
And the dear, dear friends you've made.

M. M. W.

13201

Dedication

TO

MR. WILLIAM ENOS STONE

whose sympathy has been ours
throughout the year,
whose high ideals have been our standard
and whose "practical knowledge"
has helped to fit us for our
Life's Journey,
we, the Senior Class
dedicate in gratitude this,
the twenty-sixth volume of

THE MUSE

for the St. Mary's girls of
1923-24

Mr. William E. Stone

THE MUSE STAFF
1924
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Clare Spence
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THE MUSE STAFF
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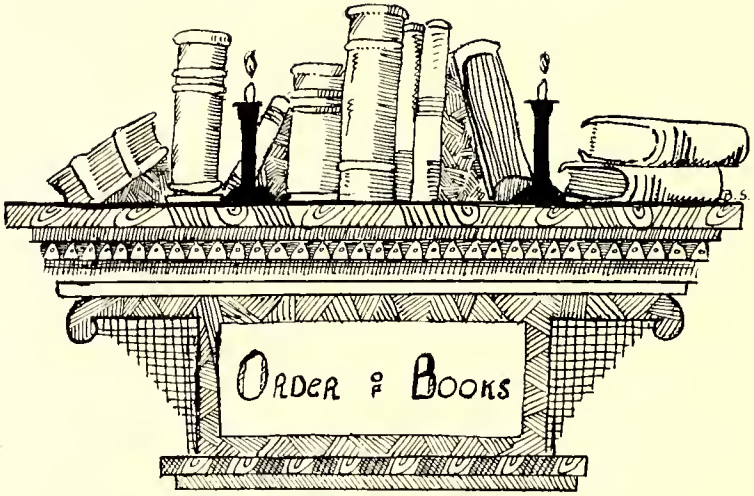


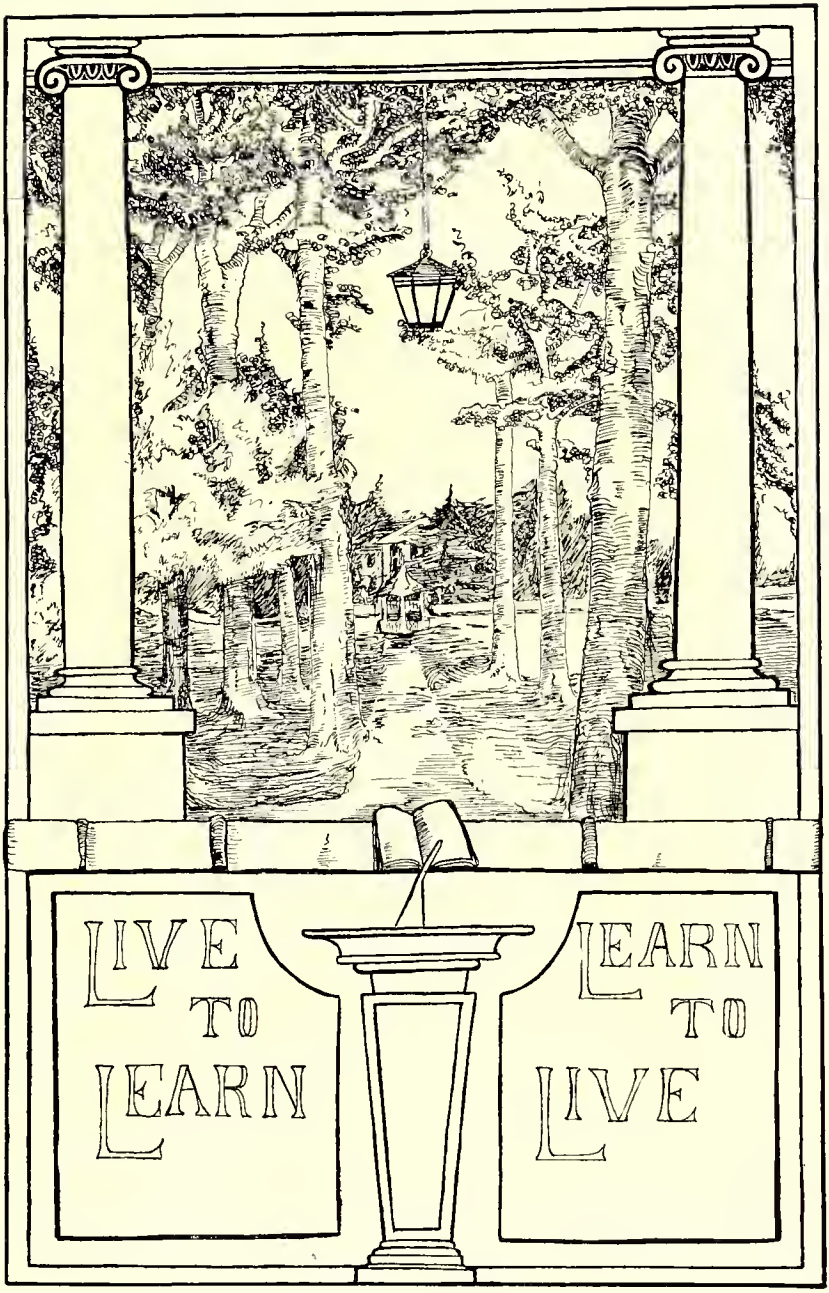
Book I
ALMA MATER

Book II
CLASSES

Book III
ORGANIZATION

Book IV
AMONG OURSELVES

ALMA MATER
MONTAGUE


LIVE TO LEARN
LEARN TO LIVE

Alma Mater

TUNE: *"Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms."*

ST MARY'S! Wherever thy daughters may be
They love thy high praises to sing,
And to tell of thy beauties of campus and tree
Around which sweet memories cling;
They may wander afar, out of reach of thy name
Afar, out of sight of thy grove,
But the thought of Saint Mary's aye kindles a flame
Of sweet recollections and love.

Beloved Saint Mary's! How great is our debt!
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;
They can never thy happy instructions forget,
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.
The love that they feel is a heritage pure;
An experience wholesome and sweet,
Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

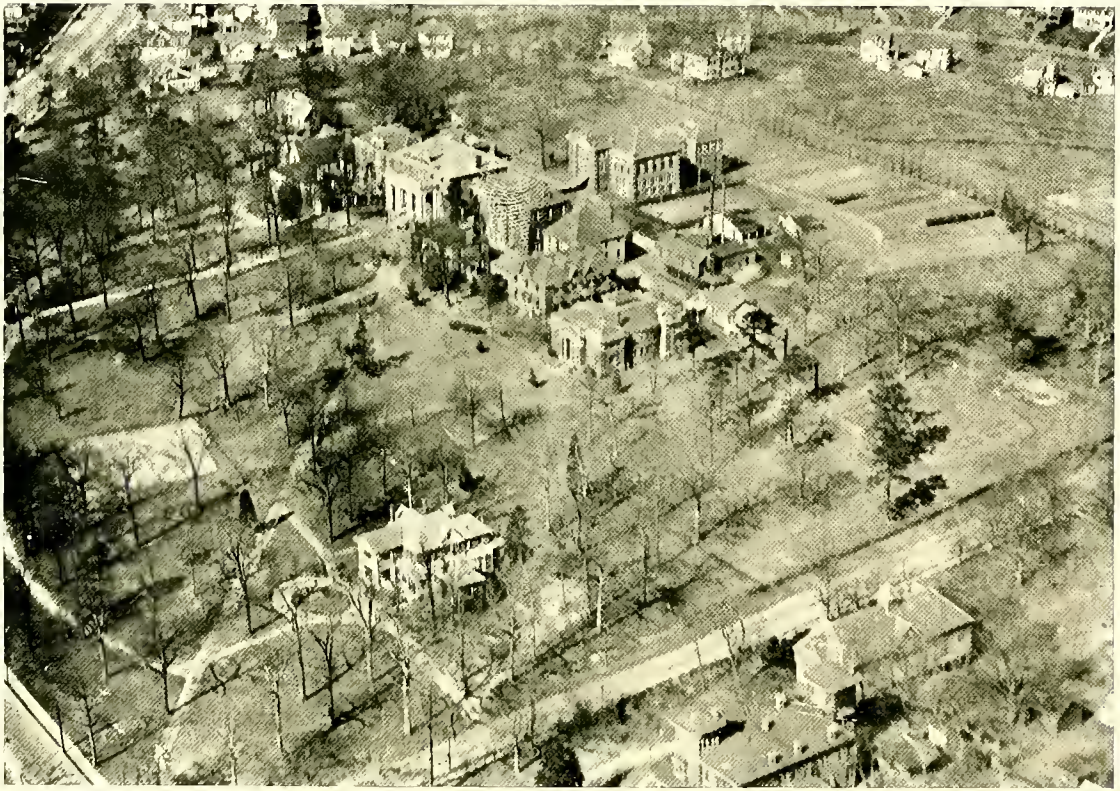
May the future unite all the good of the past
With the best that new knowledge can bring.
Ever onward and upward thy course! to the last
Be thou steadfast in every good thing.
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove
And carry thy teaching o'er woodland and hill
Of earnestness, wisdom and love.

H. E. H., 1905.

Main Building

Main Building and West Rock

The Auditorium



Airplane View of Saint Mary's

Chapel and Rectory

Alma Mater

WHEN from thy portals into life's sea
We've long since gone,
And as taught by thee, our cross
We've gladly borne,
We'll not forget the joys
That in thee we've known,
Nor how in thy protecting arms
Our hearts toward God have grown.
But as mortals blind we stumble
In a world as dark as night
We'll look to you—O Guiding star,
Alma Mater—Saving light!

ELEANOR F. YARBOROUGH.

Hail, St. Mary's!

Adapted from Margaret Mason Young, 1899

IN a grove of stately oak trees,
Where the sunlight lies,
Stands Saint Mary's true and noble
'Neath the Southern skies.

Far and wide, oh sound her praises,
Chorus full and free,
Hail, Saint Mary's, Alma Mater,
Hail all hail to thee!

Well we love the little chapel,
Ever hold it dear;
Hear the echoes of the music,
Rising soft and clear.

Far and wide, etc.

There the ivy and the roses
Climb the old stone wall,
There the sweet, enticing bird notes
Sound their magic call.

Far and wide, etc.

A View of Saint Mary's in Bygone Days

A Short History of St. Mary's

ON MAY 12 of 1842, St. Mary's School was opened, being founded by the Reverend Aldert Smedes, D.D. This day is still remembered and celebrated as the birthday of our beloved Alma Mater.

In 1832, influential churchmen, carrying out a plan proposed by Bishop Ives, purchased the present "grove of oaks," as a part of a tract of one hundred and sixty acres to be used in establishing a Church School for boys. East Rock building was first built which was followed soon by West Rock Building and Smedes Hall, all being built for use in the boys' school. This promising school was not destined to be successful and so was closed, and the property passed back into private hands.

Bishop Ives was influential in getting Dr. Smedes to leave a successful girls' school in New York City, and come to Raleigh to establish St. Mary's, which he did in May 1842. From the first the school was a success and Dr. Smedes remained with the school until his death. St. Mary's daughters are proud of the tradition that during the war between the States, her doors were open for the refugees driven from their homes and that at one time the family of the beloved President of the Confederacy was sheltered within her walls.

When Dr. Smedes died on April 25, 1877 St. Mary's was left to the care of his son, Rev. Dr. Bennett Smedes, who had been a teacher in the school during his father's lifetime. For twenty-two years Dr. Bennett Smedes carried on his father's work, sparing neither expense nor pains. During this time, St. Mary's was a private Church School.

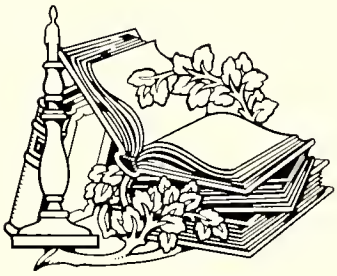
In 1899, Dr. Smedes was succeeded by Dr. Bratton. Rev. McNeely Du Bose succeeded Dr. Bratton in September, 1903, and he, in turn, was succeeded by Rev. George W. Lay in July, 1907. In 1918 Rev. Warren W. Way, the present Rector, came to St. Mary's.

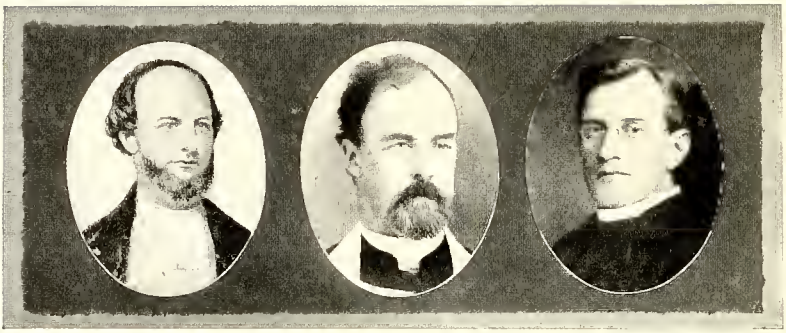
Under the Rev. Aldert Smedes, St. Mary's was a high class school for the general education of girls, and the pupils finished without "graduating." In 1879 under Dr. Bennett Smedes the courses were established and in July of the same year the first class was regularly graduated.

Year by year, funds were raised and the present beautiful buildings were built and added to the three original ones.

The attendance of St. Mary's is steadily increasing, having an enrollment of two hundred and seventy-five girls for this session. The boarding accommodations are limited at present to about two hundred, which, however, still makes St. Mary's the largest Episcopal resident school for girls in this country.

ANNIE DAVENPORT.





The Rev. Aldert Smedes, D.D., was the founder and first rector of Saint Mary's School. Opening the school in May, 1842, he remained here until his death in 1877. "He has gone to his reward; but his work remains, and will remain from generation to generation."

The Rev. Bennett Smedes, D.D., became the second rector of Saint Mary's in 1877. Here he remained for twenty years, "the head of his household, a companion of infinite tenderness, sympathy and understanding, a man to lean upon, to look up to, to thank God for."

The Rt. Rev. Theodore DuBose Bratton, D.D., was rector of Saint Mary's from 1899 to 1903. Saint Mary's went forward rapidly under his administration, the Rectory, Senior Hall and the Piano Practice Rooms being built and the College Department established. He was greatly loved by faculty and students. In 1903 he left Saint Mary's to accept the call to the Bishopric of Mississippi.

The Rev. McNeely DuBose, D.D., rector of Saint Mary's from 1903 to 1907, is especially remembered for his great interest in the chapel which, during his rectorship was completely renovated and enlarged by the addition of the transepts.

The Rev. George William Lay, D.C.L., was here from 1907 to 1918. "He inculcated a respect for discipline and promptness. In his personal attitude towards pupils and parents and in his attitude towards the standards of education, patrons of the school and others have recognized and appreciated his sincerity of purpose, his honesty of statement and aim."

The original of the "Stage Coach Picture," so often used in The Muse to contrast the old days with the later ones, was a drawing by Mrs. Gustave Blessner. Mr. Blessner, Musical Director at Saint Mary's in the '40's, had it lithographed for use on the cover of some waltzes which he composed and had published in 1845. On the title page, in addition to the State Coach Picture, was printed: "The Flower of the South: A Collection of Characteristic Waltzes, Composed for the Piano and Dedicated to the Young Ladies of Saint Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., by Gustave Blessner."

St. Mary's Alumnae Association

OFFICERS

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MRS. PERRIN GOWER	*Vice-President*
MISS KATE MCKIMMON	*Secretary-Treasurer*
MISS LOUISE BUSBEE	*Assistant Secretary-Treasurer*
MISS LIZZIE LEE, MISS SUSAN IDEN	*Councilors*

We can't imagine St. Mary's without our dear "Miss Katie." She has been here since 1867, when she entered as a pupil. From a pupil she became a teacher and taught until 1919. "Miss Katie" is devoted in her service to the church and school, and is greatly loved by all St. Mary's girls.

When Miss Katie was a Teeny Little Girl

Saint Mary's was a youngster, not a venerable old dear
When Miss Katie was a teeny little girl—
Dr. Aldert Smedes, the Founder, was a living presence here
When Miss Katie was a teeny little little girl.
His forceful personality, his eloquence and charm,
His loving care which sheltered, as it were, his girls from harm.
Gave a sense of sweet protection free from outside world's alarm—
When Miss Katie was a teeny little little girl.

Our confirmation grand was used to pull each other's curls
When Miss Katie was a teeny little girl;
For even in the '50's, girls, you know, were only girls—
When Miss Katie was a teeny little little girl.
The stage coach rolling through the grove caused then a great to-do,
The small front porch was full of girls—I fear the windows, too;
You'd hear Madame Clement's pupils most politely parlez-vous—
When Miss Katie was a teeny little girl.

The traditions of Saint Mary's were but being formed, you know,
When Miss Katie was a teeny little girl;
The precept and example of the Founder made them so,
When Miss Katie was a teeny little girl;
His teachers and his pupils cherished deep his big ideal,
Their successors to the present strive to keep that ideal real;
To all who love Saint Mary's those days made deep appeal—
When Miss Katie was a teeny little girl.

Granddaughters and Great-Granddaughters of St. Mary's

Motto: *Lest we forget* Song: *Auld Lang Syne*

Colors: *Light Blue and White*

Flower: *Pansy*

Officers

Annie Willis Boddie.....*President*
Emma Lawrence Joyner.....*Vice-President*
Mary Catherine Huske.....*Secretary*

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daughter of
Lucy Clifton, Louisburg, N. C.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.
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grand-daughter of
Mary Leak, Wadesboro, N. C.

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grand-daughter of
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grand-daughter of
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of Goldsboro, N. C.
grand-daughters of
Virginia Kennedy, Goldsboro, N. C.
daughters of
Virginia Tyson, Wilson, N. C.

Granddaughters and Great-Granddaughters of St. Mary's

Evelyn Tyson, Carthage, N. C.
daughter of
Jessie Dawson, Halifax County, N. C.

Margaret McMillan, Wilmington, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Margaret Anderson, Fayetteville, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Jennie Cowan, Wilmington, N. C.
daughter of
Kate de Rosset, Wilmington, N. C.

Virginia Barker, Salisbury, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Mary Etta Broadfield, Smithfield, Va.

Margaret Bell, Salisbury, N. C.
daughter of
Margaret Murdoch, Salisbury, N. C.

Elizabeth Wood, Edenton, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Sarah Paxton, Edenton, N. C.
daughter of
Elizabeth Bathan, Edenton, N. C.

Elizabeth Warren, Norfolk, Va.
great grand-daughter of
Elizabeth Paxton, Edenton, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Elizabeth Warren, Edenton, N. C.

May Catherine Huske, Fayetteville, N. C.
daughter of
Addie B. Riddick, Fayetteville, N. C.

Bettie Gregory Smith, Newport News, Va.
daughter of
Bettie Clark Gregory, Halifax, Va.

Emily Taylor, of Pittsboro, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Sarah McClenahan, Pittsboro, N. C.

Elizabeth Tilley, Greensboro, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Elizabeth Potter, Greensboro, N. C.

Mary Wood Hall, Scotland Neck, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Mary Moore Wood, Edenton, N. C.

Bettie Fell, Trenton, N. J.
daughter of
Sallie Lord London, Pittsboro, N. C.

Louisa Lee, Fremont, N. C.
grand-daughter of
Jane Cutlar, San Francisco, Cal.

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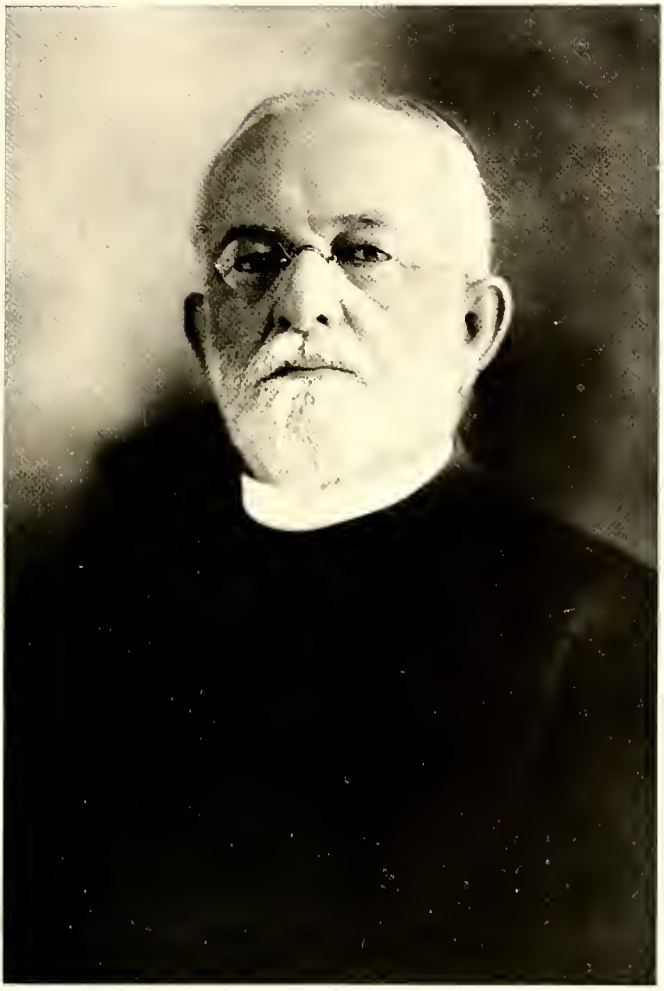

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, D.D.

The Rev. Warren Wade Way
Sixth Rector of Saint Mary's School, 1918

Miss Bertha A. Morgan
Lady Principal, 1924

Miss Sara Turner
Academic Head, 1924

St. Mary's School

Faculty and Officers, 1923, 1924

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MISS BERTHA A. MORGAN ..... *Lady Principal*
MISS SARA C. TURNER ..... *Academic Head*
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A.B., Harvard

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Ph.B. University of Chicago

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M.A., University of South Carolina

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B.A., Bryn Mawr

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A.B., Wellesley College; Columbia College; Summer 1923, France

EMILY G. PRATHER ..... *History and English*
Peabody Teachers' College; Graduate work at Vanderbilt University and Columbia University

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Harvard; George Peabody at Nashville Tenn.

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A.B., Trinity College; Berlin

GEORGEIA AUGUSTA CROFUT ..... *Voice*
Miss Julia B. Dickinson; John J. Bishop; New England Conservatory

Mr. Stone, Miss McKimmon, Miss Lee, Miss Fenner, Miss Bottum. Miss Reigart, Miss Force, Miss Spencer, Miss Suydam, Miss Prosser, Miss Cobb, Miss McCausland, Miss Southwick

Sue Kyle Southwick ..... *Piano, Theory*
Graduate New England Conservatory

Florence Schweke ..... *Piano*
B.A., Milwaukee-Downer College; Pupil of Albert Ross Person and Allen Spencer

Elizabeth C. Cobb ..... *Piano*
Bell School of Music; Brookfield School; Pupil of Cara Aarup Greene

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Graduate of Hosmeo Hall; Berlitz School, Switzerland; Pratt Institute

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B.O., Emerson College

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Miss Florence W. Talbot ..... *Housekeeper*
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Miss Mary Hardin ..... *Office Secretary*

Mr. Tucker, Miss Houchen, Mr. Jones, Miss Sutton, Miss McMillan, Miss Davis, Miss Schweke, Miss Crofut, Miss Alexander, Miss Marriott, Miss Talbot, Miss Prather

The School Council

THE School Council was instituted by the Rector at the beginning of the session 1919-20. Its membership is composed of the Rector, the Lady Principal, the Academic Head, three representatives of the faculty, four representatives of the Senior Class, three of the Junior, two of the Sophomore, one of the Freshmen, and one of the Preparatory Department.

Officers

MR. WAY.....*Chairman* MARY POWELL.....*Secretary*

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MISS TURNER
MISS BOTTUM
MISS HOTCHEN
MR. STONE
MISS DAVIS

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EUGENIA TREXLER
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CATHERINE MENZIES
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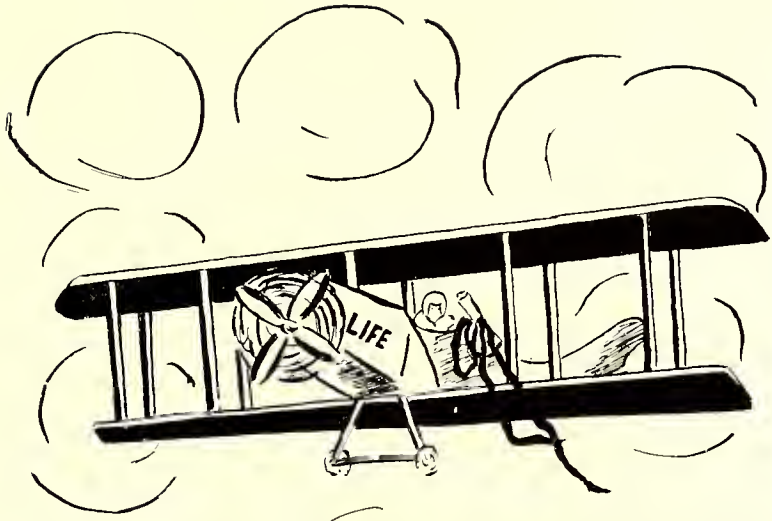
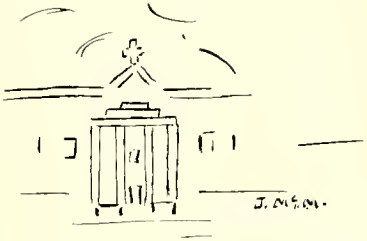
ELIZABETH RAGLAND
KATHERINE MORRIS
MARTHA EVERETT
LOUISE SCOTT
MILDRED HENDERSON

CLASSES



SENIOR



Senior Class Poem

THERE'S a place for us in the chapel grey
Where the tall white candles flame,
There we have felt the presence of God
And breathed with love His name;
We have a place in the long wide hall
Where the old clock ticks away
The hours that hold our youthful tears
And the hours that are bright and gay;
There's a place for us in every nook,
'Neath every tree in the grove,
Each stone to us is a memory star
Of friendships dear—and love;
The all of you—O home of love
Has held us through the days
And in our hearts there's a place for you—
Alma Mater and friend—always!

ELEANOR F. YARBOROUGH.

Miss Davis, *Class Adviser*

Barney Google, *Class Mascot*

Senior Class

Colors: *Green and White* Flower: *Marechal Neil Rose*

Motto: *Ever onward, ever upward*

CLASS OFFICERS

Katherine Fisher ..... *President*
Margaret Bell ..... *Vice-President*
Annie Davenport ..... *Treasurer*
Eleanor Yarborough ..... *Poet*
Clare Spence ..... *Historian*
Eugenia Trexler ..... *Prophet*
Annie Davenport ..... *Testator*

REPRESENTATIVES ON SCHOOL COUNCIL

Katherine Fisher Clare Spence
Eugenia Trexler Mildred Waddell

CLASS ROLL

Bell
Boddie
Bonner
Bretsch
Chamberlain
Davenport
Fisher
Graber
Hancock
Joyner
Person
Maurice
Meade
Rowland
Smith
Spence
Tabb
Trexler
Waddell
Wilson
Yarborough

MARGARET BALFOUR BELL

Salisbury, N. C.

(1923-24)

Mu.; E. A. P.; Altar Guild 1923-24; Granddaughters Club 1923-24; North Carolina Club; Chapel Librarian 1924; Vice-president Class 1924.

"You'll always find her true and just,
A girl whom all will love and trust."

She's a prodigy! She can discuss at length on deep psychological questions with no effort at all, and, at the same time, sketch caricatures of noteworthy personages.

She not only has a guaranteed place on the monthly honor roll but she also has a guaranteed place in the heart of every Senior. She is so kind, guileless and loyal. The way that she performs each duty so well, fills every hour with something worth while, inspiring. A less noble character would be less sympathetic, but Margaret is so understanding and good-natured, that she might well be termed the "heroine" of the Senior Class. She certainly has saved the lives of many, many ignorant ones!

She likes little human things, and if we did not see such assuring results we'd suspect her of "communing with nature" during her "study periods"!

ANNIE WILLIS BOIDDIE

Louisburg, N. C.

(1923-24)

Sigma Lambda; Sigma; Altar Guild; North Carolina Club; College Club 1923-24; Grand-daughters Club 1923-24; Blue Ridge Delegate 1923; President of St. Anne's Chapter 1924; Chorus Club 1923-24; President of the Grand-daughters Club 1924.

"None but herself can be her parallel."

When you first meet Annie Willis with her petite features, large dreamy eyes, wavy brown hair which frames her face in a way that just seems to individualize her, she gives you the impression that she must have been the original for some delicately chiseled "Cameo." And when she speaks you are not disappointed, her voice is in perfect harmony with her appearance. On English N we always envy Annie Willis because when the dread essays come due, she always has the most delightful ones and never fails to win high praise. We can't imagine Annie Willis ever being unkind to any one. She stands for the right in a firm way but remains gentle through it all. In the hearts of every member of the class of '24 Annie Willis will be remembered as a rare combination of a true friend and a good sport.

BLANCHE BONNER

Raleigh, N. C.
(1921-22-23-24)

"Her joys are as deap as the occan,
Her troubles as light as the foam."

Day pupils are the most elusive of humans we've found. The minute Blanche is through classes she is off and away from us, and oh, how we do envy her those worldly pleasures. But we are far from the opinion that "Distance lends enchantment," in this case and we do wish she'd come to Senior Hall more often and stay longer. On English N Class we sometimes sit and marvel how she is able to appear so wide awake and make such brilliant recitations when she has just returned from Chapel Hill. It's all we can do to keep awake and we were tucked in bed at ten-thirty the night before. We know that Blanche will make a success of anything she undertakes because she has a delightful personality and a determination to accomplish things.

KATHERINE BRETSCH

Raleigh, N. C.

(1922-23-24)

"High erected thoughts seated in a heart of love."

To see Katherine in class one would think she never had aught but an orderly and studious thought in her life, but outside she is a rare good sport, amenable to anything suggested. For all of us Katherine always has a cheery smile, and whenever anyone needs any help on her work she is always ready and willing to give it. Although she is a day student she has always been for Saint Mary's, interested in every undertaking. We all wish Katherine the best of luck, and are sure with her fine qualities of mind and heart she will reach the high goal she has set for herself. Katherine is a conscientious student and though the path may be hard she will trudge on in her persistent way.

Helen Bryan Chamberlain

Kinston, N. C.

(1922-23-24)

Sigma; E. A. P.; Commencement Marshal, 1923; Editor-in-chief the Bulletin 1924; Dramatic Club, 1923-24; 2nd Vice-president E. A. P., 1924; College Club, 1923-24; President North Carolina Club 1924; President Dramatic Club, 1924; Pan-archon Council, 1924; Expression Certificate, 1924; Chairman Program Committee E. A. P., 1924; Vice President Lucy Bratton Chapter, 1924.

"She is pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and pleasant to think on."

No matter how much confusion—no matter how many heads are lost, Helen Bryan keeps hers and remains cool and unruffled through it all. And, furthermore, she always knows of some ingenious way to fix things up again.

There are no two sides to Helen Bryan. She's the same always whether presiding over the library or an "impromptu feast." She's always reliable and isn't afraid to "claim her own."

In those off minutes when our youthful hearts are inclined to be cynical and moody, Helen Bryan is always ready to humor us by reading "Robert W. Service" or "Kipling" in the smooth, soothing tones that she has at her command.

We often wonder if Helen Bryan's room isn't just a huge "band-box" because when she steps out of it she is lovely from head to foot. There is no room for unrighteous criticism!

If Helen Bryan has a "secret sorrow" nobody knows of it, for she is always happy. And why shouldn't she be? She is talented in so many ways, and everybody loves her.

ANNIE THOMAS DAVENPORT

Roanoke, Va.

(1922-23-24)

Sigma; E. A. P.; School Council 1923; Business Manager Bulletin 1924; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class 1924; Honor Committee 1923; Pan-archon Council 1924; Secretary E. A. P. Literary Society 1924; Virginia Club.

"Oh, it's good to be merry and wise—
It's good to be honest and true."

They say that every cloud has a silver lining and some days up here we sorta have our doubts, and then along comes Annie always cheerful, always laughing, and pretty soon she has us feeling that way too. She sorta reminds us of our little friend "Rover" 'cause when she laughs she surely does laugh "all over." Annie has certainly made two names famous in Senior Hall. The first "Barney Google," it's her favorite tune and it never varies. The second, "Mr. Walter Camp." Annie has vigorously conducted her nightly gym. classes, with Mr. Camp's voice running in keen competition to the "Blue Danube Waltz." But Annie also has a serious side which is most noticeable when she reads the Minutes at the E. A. P. Meetings.

Annie thoroughly enjoys life and we believe it's because she doesn't worry but just takes things as they come. Annie has a friendly smile for every one, she's a good sport, a jolly companion, and she's surely done a great deal to make our Senior year a merry one.

KATHERINE FISHER

Salisbury, N. C.

(1922-23-24)

Sigma Lambda; Sigma; Vice-President St. Margaret's Chapter 1924; Pan-archon Council 1923-24; President Junior Class 1923; School Council 1923-24; Chairman of Pan-archon Council 1924; Honor Committee 1923-24; North Carolina Club; Chairman of Red Cross 1923-24; President of Senior Class 1924; "Best Follower" 1923-24.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Katherine not only is an important personage as "Senior President" but she is vitally important because she holds such a big place in our hearts. She is such a very little girl but we find so many big things to love her for. Katherine not only succeeds in everything she attempts to do but her success is immense. She has steered the "Senior Ship" through the turbulous waters with a firm yet loving hand, and she has been an inspiration to every member of the Class of '24.

Long after our school days at Saint Mary's are over we will remember Katherine as a true and faithful friend, one whom we are better for having known. Because Katherine has not only won her place in "Statistics" as the "Best follower" but she has danced her way into our hearts and she's there to stay.

DOROTHY ANNE GRABER

Gretna, Va.

(1921-23-24)

Mu.; E. A. P.; Altar Guild 1923-24; College Club 1924; Virginia Club; Santa Claus 1924; Secretary and treasurer St. Agnes Chapter 1924; Certificate in Music 1924.

"Ever charming, ever new."

In brown camel's hair suit, jaunty felt hat, good-looking sport shoes, "Dorothy Ann" steps out—looking as if she had just stepped from off the cover of a Fall Magazine. But she's truly a living girl and she and the other twin are about to set out for a "shopping" trip to the Metropolis. Dorothy has a little laugh that is all her own and we hear it quite often. Maybe this jolly laugh is one of the reasons she made such a realistic Santa Claus. She was such a huge success that some of the "preps" went away with their childish illusions more firmly fixed than ever. Dorothy is also very talented as a pianist, and she is so generous, never refusing to accompany in the Literary Meetings or for dancing in the parlor. Whether it's work or play "Dot" is there whole-heartedly, and gives of her best to make that particular thing a success.

Mattie King Hancock

Beaufort, N. C.

(1923-24)

E. A. P.; Sigma; Altar Guild 1923-24; Chorus Club 1923; School Orchestra 1923; Assistant Business Manager of Muse 1923; President of Lucy Bratton Chapter 1924; North Carolina Club; Chapel Warden 1924.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

We agree with "Mr. Billy" that the modern girl is rather noisy and that a maid of demure demeanor is a delightful rarity and is therefore delightful. But some wise old owl might be able to locate the merriest of twinkles in her eyes. Anyway it doesn't seem probable that Anna Boyd and Annie could be responsible for all that hilarity in that famous front room of Senior Hall. When you ask Mattie King to play the piano for any occasion, and there are so many occasions when one so accomplished is asked to lend their aid, she never refuses and always agrees with the most generous of smiles. It is just such traits of willingness to help, unselfishness and friendliness that go to make every one love and admire Mattie King. She has the true St. Mary's spirit.

EMMA LAWRENCE JOYNER

Louisburg, N. C.

(1923-24)

Sigma; Sigma Lambda; North Carolina Club; Blue Ridge Delegate 1923; Granddaughters Club 1923-24; Chorus Club 1923; College Club 1924; Altar Guild 1923-24; President Kate McKimmon Chapter 1924; Vice-president Grand-daughters Club 1924; Chapel Warden 1924.

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

With a sure step and a loyal heart she performs her daily duties. She doesn't mind working and puts her whole heart into whatever she does. That, perhaps, accounts for her serenity of expression which stands out in sharp contrast with the discontented and uneasy expressions of the average mortal.

In the chapel, where true worth is recognized, her influence is felt. She is earnest in her endeavor to do her part in the work of the Guild.

Though she is the supplement of Annie Willis she, in herself, is 180 degrees of true schoolgirl wholesomeness. Senior Hall couldn't get along without her sly little sayings and keen interest in everybody's hurts.

She's the friend of everybody and everybody likes her. She's a jewel, both rare and beloved.

JULIA MAI MAURICE

Rockingham, N. C.

(1923-24)

Mu.; Sigma Lambda; Altar Guild 1923-24; Secretary and Treasurer Altar Gild 1924; 2nd Vice-president Sigma Lamba 1924; "Honor Girl" 1924; College Club 1923-24; North Carolina Club; Crucifer 1924; President St. Catherine's Chapter 1924; Inter-society debater 1924.

"She is herself of best things a collection."

When Julia first came to Saint Mary's just two years ago, she wore dresses to her knees and long flowing hair and therefore won the name of "Mary Pickford." Now she is a grown young lady of great beauty and charm. The charm has been almost as instantaneous as the six months bloom of "Cosette." Her dignity is truly senior-like and she displays it weekly in her erectness and solemnity in carrying the cross. We've seen her tho' when she behaved otherwise—just ask the Sophomores what they think of her as leading lady of a crowd of "chorus girls." We all agree that Julia is dramatically inclined, and remember how she revealed that talent as "Holzer" in "Why the Chimes Rang." She made a beautiful little Russian boy, and the truthful self-sacrificing role she played, suited her well. Julia is a very good student, tho Mr. Stone accuses her of never thinking and ever guessing. We don't agree with Mr. Stone, but if he is right, we have to give it to Julia, she does some pretty good guessing!

AMY CAROLYN MEADE

Rocky Mount, N. C.

(1923-24)

Secretary of Mu's 1924; Assistant Cheer Leader Mu's 1923-24; E. A. P.; Altar Guild 1923-24; College Club 1924; Assistant Editor Bulletin 1924; North Carolina Club; Dramatic Club 1923-24.

"Her heart is not in her work—'tis elsewhere."

"Amy!"

Where is our irresistible Amy, with her hair piled high and eyes that say "I dare you!" Well I guess she's at the "Little Store" or "down town" keeping our "future citizens" from their business, but when Amy's "At Home" she's always glad to do all that she can to fix up these "Affaires du Coeur" for broken-hearted maidens (she's a genius in that line), or do any kind of practical work requiring not genius but a willing heart.

If you could only get one glimpse of her red hair you'd understand her. She's just like that—ready to fly off in a minute, but just as quick to repent. Nobody could ever dislike Amy, because she's such an adorable "bundle of impulses and lovableness." That's why we like her—because that's—Amy!

Virginia Tyson Person

Pikeville, N. C.

(1923-24)

Sigma; Sigma Lambda; Grand-daughters Club 1923-24; Treasurer Sigma Lambda 1924; Custodian of Banner 1924; Altar Guild 1923-24; Chapel Warden 1924; Vice-president St. Catherine's Chapter 1924; North Carolina Club; President College Club, 1924; Pan-archon Council 1924.

"A prodigy of learning."

Virginia will never be sued for "Breach of Promise" or "Neglect" because she's so absolutely trustworthy and conscientious. She does what she says she'll do come what may. And when she's told to "glean lore" from big formidable looking books the very sight of which frightens the weaker ones she not only satisfies the curiosity of the prying instructor on the subject but she satisfies her own intellectual curiosity of which she possesses much. We all wonder how one little bob-haired head can carry so many accurate details.

Virginia is one of the most optimistic members of our class. No matter how heavy the load, no matter how rough the road, she never grumbles and groans. She is always ready to do her share of the work with abounding good will and she's so good natured that she'll gladly do all of the work if we'd let her.

She has a keen ear, we know, because when the olives are opend and the nuts are cracked she's right there with a ready laugh and an eager eye!

Virginia is a girl of lofty ideals and she never falls beside the way. She may be quiet and unassuming but she gets there just the same!

Mary Elizabeth Powell

(1920-21-22-23-24)

Sigma; E. A. P.; North Carolina Club; Vice-president Freshman Class, 1922; First Team Volley Ball 1921, '22, '23; Manager Volley Ball 1922; Third Team Basket Ball 1922; First Team Basket Ball 1922, '23, '24; Manager Basket Ball 1924; Sigma President 1923; Pan-archon Council 1923, '24; Secretary St. Elizabeth Chapter 1923; Chief Marshal 1923; Secretary Student Council 1924; President St Margaret Chapter 1924; Chairman Honor Committee 1924; President of the Student Body 1924; Best-All-Around 1924; Most Influential 1924.

"Not too serious, not too gay.
But a rare good fellow when it comes to play."

If you've got the blues, just listen to Mary laugh! She has such a contagious laugh that you'll be laughing too in a minute. But if you should catch her on one of those rare occasions when she isn't laughing she'll lend you such a sympathetic ear that your blues will be dispersed, anyway.

As President of the Student Body she has proven herself worthy. Besides always standing for the right herself she has helped many others apt to go astray to tread the "strait and narrow." That's just why she got it for the "Most Influential."

But don't ever think that Mary spends all of her time seeking "lost lambs," because she doesn't. She's our "Best-All-Around." She plays basket-ball zealously, and the Sigmas would feel absolutely "crippled" without her. She not only "goes out" for all athletics but she excels in every one. And she's just as musical as she's athletic!

You'd never suspect that one so full o' fun could be serious, but you couldn't find a more conscientious student.

Ask her numerous "crushes" how sweet and kind she is. They'll vouch for her every time. Just ask anybody about her and they'll tell you that she's a girl who'll "take what Fate or the Gods may give"—and smile!

Saint Mary's School Library

JOSEPHINE ROWLAND

Raleigh, N. C.

(1922-23-24)

"A smile for all, a greeting glad,
An amiable, jolly way she had."

Those who do not know Josephine may think she is quiet and dignified but we who know her, know that after work is over she is always ready for fun. Being a good "stude" her motto is "work while you work and play while you play." Josephine came to Saint Mary's last year and entered whole-heartedly into school life. She is a true and faithful friend. Her one aim in life is to be Alma Gluck, Jr., and we feel that in the near future her aim will be realized. Then we will all rise, and in chorus shout her praises to the sky, and be prouder than ever to claim her as a loyal member of the class of '24

FRANCES RINGGOLD SMITH

Greenville, N. C.

(1923-24)

Sigma; Sigma Lambda; College Club 1923 24; North Carolina Club.

"She is merry, she is clever."

Anything need repair? A light fixed, a can opened, or a bed moved? Call Frances! She can have it all ready for us in ten minntes. She never fails us and all the while she works she entertains us with her sly, dry wit—or better still a tuneless but joyful melody. If Frances were only a boy she could rightly be called "Frank," for Frances is "frank." She says what she thinks, sometimes good, sometimes bad, but always sincere and kindly meant.

There's always food in 26 and it is for all the Seniors—in fact for everybody.

Frances is a rare specimen of work and fun. She is accomodating, sincere, frank, generous and bubbling over with unexpected words.

What would Senior Hall be without Frances?

Clare E. Spence

Kipling, N. C.

(1918-19-20-21-22-23-24)

Mu.; Sigma Lambda; College Club; Secretary and Treasurer College Club 1922-23; North Carolina Club; School Council 1923-24; Secretary and Treasurer of Junior Class 1923; "Honor Girl" 1923; Second Team Volley Ball 1922; First Team Volley Ball 1923; Third Team Basket Ball 1923; Honor Committee 1923-24; Secretary Sigma Lambda 1924; Manager Mu Volley Ball 1924; Chapel Librarian 1924; President of St. Elizabeth's Chapter 1924; Business Manager of Muse 1924; Pan-archon Council 1924; Captain Third Team Basket Ball 1924; Class Historian 1924;

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."

Clare never lets a minute slip by without first cramming it full of accomplishment or serious thought, at least. She's both earnest and wise, and the "rainy day" will not catch her "unawares!"

She isn't a stern little person however, nor is she a butterfly. She's just the "happy medium." She's just her own sweet self. You couldn't find a more successful combination of sadness and gladness—and it's a big old world!

With care and diligence, she follows the "footprints in the sands of time"—always looking forward. As "Class Historian," she should review her own career at St. Mary's with pride and self-satisfaction. But, of course, Clare is far too modest and unselfish to even think about such a thing. She is always thinking about other people and wondering how she can make somebody happy. Perhaps one could find an example of her thoughtfulness and generosity on a certain floor in East Wing. Who knows?

She's a staunch supporter of the Mu's and the standards of St Mary's. Her work on the annual cannot be valued too high.

Just look into her frank, grey eyes, and you'll see the reflection of her constant heart and lovable self.

Mildred Warner Tabb

High Point, N. C.

(1923-24)

Mu.; E. A. P.; North Carolina Club; Altar Guild 1923-24; President Altar Guild 1924; College Club 1923-24; Vice-president College Club 1924; Pan-archon Council 1924; Secretary and Treasurer Lucy Bratton Chapter 1924.

"A sweet, heart-lying cheerfulness,
Like springtime of the year,
Seemed ever on her steps to wait—
No wonder she was dear."

If you want sunshine on a rainy day look for Mildred Tabb, she'll probably be found deeply engrossed in "The Log," or fondly dreaming of—but whatever are her thoughts she's always willing to share them. She has such interesting little thoughts and she expresses them in such an odd little way, all her own.

"Tabby" has an abundant supply of miscellaneous knowledge with which she is very generous.

"Tabby" is always glad—glad because she refuses to be sad, and when things don't go just right she refuses to admit defeat and does the "Bruce-Spider Stunt"—tries again!

She is the typical "happy-go-lucky schoolgirl." She never worries about anything except other folks' cares. She's so sympathetic—and always looking out for the "other fellow."

Eugenia Trexler

Waycross, Ga.

(1921-22-23-24)

Sigma; E. A. P.; President of Sophomore Class 1923; Vice-president Georgia Club 1923; Commencement Marshal, 1923; 2nd Team Basket Ball, Sigma, 1923; President of Georgia Club, 1924; President of E. A. P. Literary Society, 1924; Secretary of St. Margaret's Chapter 1924; Class Prophet, 1924; Literary Editor of Muse, 1924; Pan-archon Council, 1923-24; Member of School Council, 1923-24; Honor Committee, 1923-1924; Altar Guild, 1922-'23-'24.

"To those who know thee not,
No words can paint,
And those who know thee,
Know all words are faint."

Who is that one, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," tripping the light fantastic toe "a la ville?" That's Eugenia, but her regal loveliness is only one tread in the vari-colored fabric that is she.

When you see her presiding over the E. A. P. Literary Society you think that she is the model "woman of affairs," and, in truth, she is. She goes about her business with a calm thoroughness, never discouraged, never discouraging.

And yet, if you'd peep behind the scenes you'd glimpse just an adorable playmate. Her brown eyes are laughing, and she seems to be the very essence of a holiday world.

Her smile is not only for her "crushes," and friends, both of which she has a multitude. She smiles on the whole world, and the whole world smiles back. She's irresistible!

MILDRED MOORE WADDELL

Manchester, N. C.

(1921-22-23-24)

Sigma; Sigma Lambda; North Carolina Club; Assistant Literary Editor of the Muse 1923; Editor-in-chief of the Muse, 1924; Vice-president of the Sophomores, 1923; Chorus Club, 1923; Dramatic Club, 1923; Commencement Marshal, 1923; First Vice-president Sigma Lambda, 1924; Pan-archon Council, 1924; Vice-president St. Elizabeth's Chapter, 1924; Student Council, 1924; Chairman of Sigma Lamba Program Committee, 1924; Secretary and Treasurer of St Margaret's Chapter, 1923; Honor Committee, 1924; "Most efficient" 1924

"She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine!"

We don't need three guesses to tell who's coming when Mildred hits Senior Hall, 'cause she fairly dances in and we know that nobody else shuffles along with such happy steps, and she's always singing. If she ever allows anything to make her unhappy, none of us have been talented enough along the "Sherlock Holmes line" to discover it. And that is just one of her happy traits. We could not wish for a truer friend. We feel that Mildred is a girl we could trust through thick and thin. Mildred is happy-go-lucky but she can be very serious when the time comes and when she speaks there is sound and just judgment behind her words. The minute you meet Mildred you love her, just because it's the only natural thing to do. She's absolutely adorable. It would take a master hand to paint her as we know her, with all the lovable and admirable qualities that go to make Mildred what she is!

ANNA BOYD WILSON

Beathyville, Ky.

(1921-22-23-24)

Mu ; E. A. P.; Altar Guild 1923-24; Secretary and Treasurer Southern Club, 1924; President St Agnes Chapter, 1924.

"She's true to her word, her work, and her friends."

When you first meet Anna Boyd you might form the opinion that she's rather reserved and just a little later you might think that "Still water runs deep," but if you were a Senior of the class of '24 you'd know that looks are deceiving and that Anna Boyd is a forceful member of that "Trio" who have a regular picnic every night after lights, which is always blamed on some imaginary ghost or worse still, one of the dread "Hamlin Town" pests which are always such a nightmare to young maidens. We've always heard rumors that Kentucky produces "Beautiful Women," but we weren't thoroughly convinced until she sent us Anna Boyd, as positive proof, and now there's not a shadow of doubt. Then the curtain goes up again and enter Anna Boyd the student. When she dons those shelled-rimmed glasses, there just naturally doesn't seem to be a thing she doesn't know. She's the pride of History N, so with that lucky combination of beauty and brains we prophesy for Anna Boyd the rosiest of futures.

Eleanor Foster Yarborough

Louisburg, N. C.

Mu.; Sigma Lambda; President of Sigma Lambda Literary Society, 1924; Literary Editor of the Muse, 1924; Blue Ridge Delegate, 1923; Dramatic Club, 1923-24; Chapel Warden, 1924; Altar Guild, 1923-24; North Carolina Club; College Club, 1923-24; Pan-archon Council, 1924; "Class Poet" 1924; First Team Basket Ball, Mu. 1923-24; Second Team Volley Ball, Mu. 1923.

"The deep violets of the pansy you liken to the
kindest eyes that look on you,
Without a thought disloyal."

In her presence you feel that you have been carried quickly back to the time when fairies lived, and danced all the day. Eleanor, with her little head of curls and the smiling eyes, that are tender, and yet dancing with the pure joy of living and making others happy. But suddenly she dashes off some place, with all the pep of the modern maid and leaving you to decide which of her moods you prefer—an endless task. When winter comes and all the flowers are gone, suddenly a last little violet springs up to make every one happy. Eleanor's like that with her surprising little "words" an' "ways." Eleanor is not only star guard of the "Mu" Team but she presides with grace and dignity over Sigma Lambda Society Meetings. If you've ever been happy enough to be one of the few who have read her bits of verse then you have had a rare pleasure. So, Eleanor the "Maid of Moods" is one, also, of a great many accomplishments.

Good-bye, School, We're Through

A Song of Graduation Day

(After "Good-bye, Girls" from "Chin Chin")

We're the happiest girls in all the realm of schooldom,
We feel as though we'd triumphed over fate.
We've reached a goal we've ever sought,
A day of which we've ever thought,
That wondrous day on which we graduate.
Of course we've not had only sun and flowers,
But storms and clouds have braced us in the line.
Like every other girl we've wasted hours,
But now all's done—the future looks benign.
And yet we say with heartfelt sigh
For the happy days of the years gone by—

Good-bye, school, we're through,
Dear school where we have met,
We say good bye to you
With very real regret.
Our day of jubilation
Is full of fascination.
But we'll e're to you be true.
Good-bye, school,
Good-bye, school, we're through.

We've often read in poems and romances
That some day in some way, if we but wait,
The thing we seek both far and wide—
The thing for which we've ever sighed—
Will come to us—'tis so deemed by fate.
And so it's all come true as in a story,
Commencement morning with its golden sun,
Has risen upon our sight in all its glory,
For us there'll never be such other one
And yet we say with heartfelt sigh,
For the happy days of years gone by;

Good-bye, school, we're through, etc.

E. C. 1915.

The History of The Class of '24

IT had been twenty years since that beautiful May day, when the girls, with smiling faces but sad hearts, gathered in the grove of stately oak trees, for the last time; and now the stillness all around, the rain pattering against the windows seemed to carry the little lady with the silvered hair back to those Senior hall days. The fire even fell in with her reminiscent mood and appeared to echo the tunes of "Barney Bananas." She had forgotten the two little girls who were on the rug in front of her and was startled when she realized that questions were being directed to her

"Mother, why did they wear such funny dresses when you went to school?"

"And they fixed their hair so funny too."

"Do tell us all about it!"

"And here is a girl with a dark dress when all the others wear white ones."

"Mother, please, please, tell us about it."

"Why hasn't this book a leather cover like the others?"

And then their mother saw that they were surrounded by seven "Muses." Would they be interested in that long story which has so overwhelmed her—those days the very thought of which made her forget everything—were her little girls making fun of her friends—but then she remembered when she had searched through similar books for original ideas she, too, had laughed. So she smiled and began her story:

"Darlings, it was in 1917, during the war, when I first went to Saint Mary's, and money was spent for war savings stamps instead of candies and other things, and, Jane, dear, that is why this book is minus the leather cover. I was a little girl when I entered the seventh grade. Miss Robins was my teacher and Miss "Gyp" was the dormitory mother. Miss Gyp was an angel, and every night while the big girls came from study hall—"

"But didn't you have to go to study hall too, mother?"

"Yes, but just from eight until nine and the big girls stayed until nine-thirty. Then Miss Gyp tucked us in bed and kissed us good night and left us to dream of the most wonderful lady, with kind, brown eyes and black curls, whom we idolized—instead of crying for mother.

The next year Dr. Lay was no longer at Saint Mary's, and although we missed his friendship and kindly interest in individuals we loved our new rector. His smile went straight to the heart of every girl, and I often heard—

"Mr. Way is my idea of an angel on earth."

"Mother, what are these things marked with 4-2=1; and 4-2=3, when it doesn't?"

"Why that was our costume for the school party. We had been babies so long with our socks and ribbons that our president, Laura Hawkins, decided the preps should be original—so

Preps spech, Bus
Was so small G wiz
We represent zero.

"Mary Powell entered in 1919, the second oldest member of our class, and she proved to be a shining light."

"Mother, was she president?"

"No, she wasn't president, but Peggy Edmerson was, and she led the preps in everything as well as she led the Mu's cheer:

Hit 'em high,
Hit 'em low,
Mu team,
Let's go.

"The next year we were Freshmen and Tilly Lamb was our president and Mr. Cruikshank was not only our adviser, but the friend of every Freshman. Every Saint Mary's girl, that knew him, loved him and holds his memory as one of the dearest treasures in her heart. With such leaders to guide us, how could we forget our motto, 'Ever onward, and ever upward.' There were just two of us who boarded the train to graduation that year—but Mildred and Anna Boyd were preps and Eugenia was a Sophomore.

"As Sophomores—we were wise Sophomores and fortunate Sophomores too—because that was the year Miss Morgan and Miss Turner came to Saint Mary's and who could deny that the heart of every one was made better and richer for their friendship and guardianship? They set noble ideals before us, ideals that now I can more fully appreciate. Lucy Lay set an excellent example of dignity for the hilarious frolicers that Sophomores are usually considered—she worked for us, as well as with us. The climax

of that year was the 'fancy dress ball' given for the Seniors with a real 'down town' orchestra. It was wonderful—and we thought, the only one of its kind in the history of Saint Mary's.

"Junior privileges! Our most cherished dream had been realized at last—going down town twice a week, studying in our rooms—with other extra things—besides serving at parties and doing what some called 'the dirty work.' We didn't consider it that with ice cream hidden away in the refrigerators, and Katherine's smiling face always seeing the good, and clearing up the dark places. Katherine Fisher had the sweetest smile, ever seeking to make somebody else happy. Working for the Christmas tree and parties was just play, when a smile always greeted us.

"At the banquet when Mr. Tucker stated, 'This is the best Junior and Senior Banquet we have ever had,' our hearts swlled with pride. But, as the year passed, and we realized we were to take the places that the Seniors had filled so well, our hearts failed us. We didn't see how Saint Mary's could ever do without them, but in the midst of that feeling of distress a big question mark stood out because

When Mr. Stone, as we were told,
Heard there were thirty-four enrolled
The sixties came both right and left—
No one considered how we felt.

And no more in our seats did we slumber,
But to the study hall went that frightened number.
Yet, "Mr. Billy," he was a friend in the past
We loved him always from the first to the last.

"It was a happy bunch that welcomed the new girls in September, 1923—happy because we were seeing each other again and because we had reached the year of all years. Seniors! Were we ever worthy of attaining such eminence? Did we ever put on the required dignity and really feel the real responsibility of the Student Council, and of chaperoning, teaching Sunday school, and keeping study hall? There were twenty-three of us—I shall never forget those Sunday nights at Mr. Way's where we all gathered around the fire, which was the only light, and popped pop-corn and told ghost stories.

"What should we have done without Miss Davis in the Christmas plays? Julia Maurice as Hogler in 'Why the Chimes Rang' and Helen Bryan as Jean D'Arc were an honor to us. Then the Christmas tree! And getting up at three in the morning to serenade! They were happy days.

"Alternate Sunday nights, there were the Auxiliary Chapter meetings when everyhody assembled in the parlor and sometimes Miss Katie talked to us, telling us in words, as well as by her example, how to be true Saint Mary's girls. Then the Mu and Sigma games at which everybody was always bubbling over with pep, and showing true spirit. We had literary society meetings too, model meetings, and the debate, Eleanor and Eugenia presiding with so much dignity that others envied their calm attitudes. Nor must one forget how we worked in the little stores and teas for both 'Muses' with the spirit to make them the best of the best.

"Possibly we felt our Senior duties most at spring holidays, for we Seniors had an extra day. Then May came as a fairy on shining wings leaving wondrous dreams. The Junior and Senior banquet with the toasts and speeches by Catherine Menzies and Katherine Fisher made us feel we were the most fortunate girls in the world to have them for our leaders.

"Then at Commencement, when we gave our places to others that would go on, weren't we more than a wee bit sad—"

Mary and Jane had long since fallen asleep and the fire had burned down, leaving but a spot of red. Yet the air was still heavy with memories. And the old Saint Mary's girl softly hummed the melody—

In a grove of stately oak trees,
Where the sunlight lies,
Stands Saint Mary's true and noble,
'Neath the Southern skies.

CLARE SPENCE.

Class Prophecy--1924

By EUGENIA TREXLER

AS I look back now, I can't remember a thing we had for dinner that night, 'cept fish—oh yes, an' I remember we did have some delicious *beans* an' I did eat a great many; but I still can't understand why I should have had such an exciting dream. All I remember is that I seemed to be dreadfully puzzled over something. My head fairly ached I was puzzled so, but just about then the funniest little brown "elf" hopped up an' said to me, "You seem to be worried, can I help you any?" I was quite dismayed at seeing such a queer little figure but he had kindly eyes; so I took courage, "Oh, I am terribly worried! I have this dreadful task to perform in a week. I have to prophesy what is to happen to 22 Seniors, an' I've gazed and gazed into the future and each time I see them just as they are and it's all a blank to me. What shall I do?" The little "elf" winked his eye at me in a kindly fashion. "Why, easy enough, that happens to be my specialty. You see, I'm called "Imagination." Whom are you most worried about?" "Oh, Annie Davenport, because every night she takes the most violent exercise and we're all worried about her." The little "elf" shook his head sadly. "Poor girl, her future will be terribly sad. She will keep on reducing until she is a human feather. The poor thing will never he able to go out when the wind is blowing for fear of being picked up by the breeze. And she will never be able to go out without two companions, one on either side, to support her." I was quite touched at this sad story and the tears trickled down my cheeks. "Are you sure she will always have two faithful companions?" "Yes, Mattie King Hancock and Anna Boyd Wilson will devote their lives to her care as they encouraged her in this fatal work. Another rather sad story is Mildred Waddell's. Poor girl, she tried so hard to make all the Seniors satisfied with their Senior pictures, even having them taken over two or three times, that it will cause her to go crazy on the subject and she'll spend her days running around with a kodak taking pictures. Her slogan will be, 'Guaranteed to flatter.'

"Virginia Person will always live a secluded life, surrounded by her books, her two favorites especially 'Dummelow's Commentary' and 'The Advance of the English Novel.' But even after she has spent her entire life in concentrated study her favorite remark will be, 'I declare, I don't know one thing, not one thing.' But Helen Bryan Chamberlain, who will be living with Virginia, will assure her that if she just keeps at it long enough she may get a little light on the subject.

"Margaret Bell, Frances Smith and Julia Maurice will finally dance themselves to the front row of a large chorus. They will be held back for a few years on account of their voices, which are a little off. When interviewed they will say that they first felt the call of the stage when they were chorus girls in a vaudeville at Saint Mary's and their friends urged them to devote their lives to the stage.

"Clare Spence will become an authoress but her one book, 'My Life-long Opinion that Crushes Are Useless and Unnecessary in a School Girl's Life,' will receive such hot protest from girls' schools that she won't have the courage to write any more."

"Oh, please tell me what is ever to become of Eleanor Yarborough." The little "elf" laughed gaily, "well, she's so mysterious I can't tell you much. But you know how she haunts 'Fallon's.' Well, she will devote her life to raising big, red roses, and all the day she'll sit out among them penning tender little lines to some mysterious person.

'Emma Lawrence and Anna Willis will spend their lives as joiut teachers of English N at Saint Mary's. They will still use 'Cross, Moody & Lovett' and 'Phelps' as the favorite references. Mary Powell will teach 'Gym.' at Saint Mary's, while 'Tabby' will win fame by writing a song entitled, 'The Sea-going Blues'."

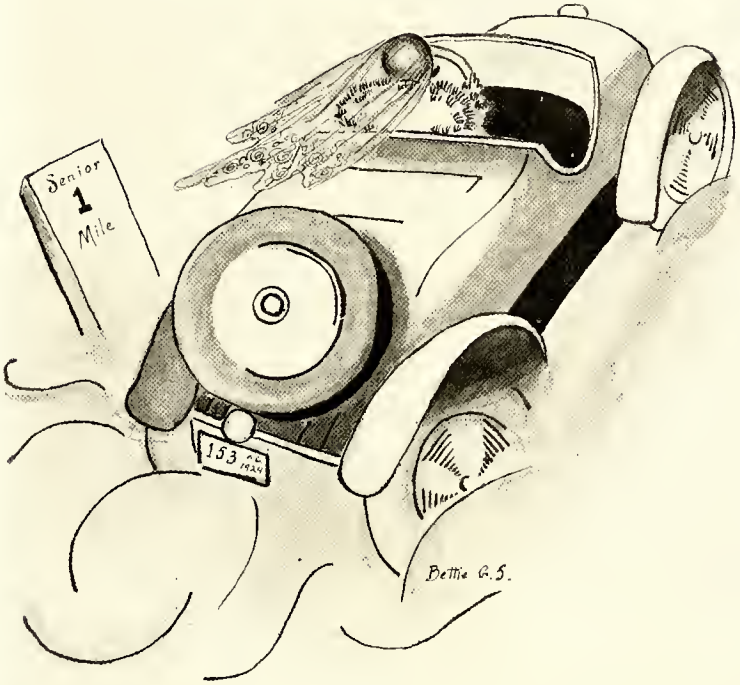
"But, little elf, aren't any of the 22 ever going to marry? Goodness! none of us are man-haters, now, by any means." The little elf sadly shook his head. "No, only one of you will be lucky enough to capture a man, and she's Amy Meade. Confidentially, she proposed to him during Leap Year. Dot Graber will do the same thing but she will speak too late and will spend the rest of her days as a lecturer on 'The Early Bird Gets the Worm.'

"Katherine Fisher will conduct a Bureau of Information for lovelorn lassies as she is the best authority on the management of such affairs.

"Josephine Rowland, Blanche Bonner and Catherine Bretsch will make good use of their study of Economics and enter the business world. Blanche will run a tea room for 'State boys.'

"And you, poor girl," he said addressing me, "You will get fatter and fatter until at last you will spend your days in a side show as 'The Fat Lady'." Then quickly the little elf vanished, leaving me overcome. It is true I have always had aspirations along such lines but never to such a remarkable extent. Oh, I could never endure sitting in a little box all day answering the questions of the on-lookers. "No, my friends, I have not always been this large. What did I eat? Oh, beans, beans, beans! I've never lost my desire for beans which I acquired at Saint Mary's. What kind of beans? Oh, every kind, baked beans, lima beans, butter beans, string beans * * *" Just then some one shook me and I awoke with a start and heard Katherine saying, "Why in the world are you making a stump speech? You have only six minutes to get to breakfast." All thoughts of any one's future left me at once. My one vital interest was in my own future and that was to get through those dining room doors!

Juniors



Junior Class

COLORS: *Purple and Lavender* FLOWER: *Violet*

MOTTO: *Aim high, but reach higher*

Officers

CATHERINE MENZIES.....*President*
ELIZABETH RAGLAND.....*Vice-President*
EVELYN WORSLEY.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
MR. STONE.....*Class Adviser*

Members

BETTIE J. FELL
MARY F. GREEN
MARY F. RAMEY
AREIL CLOSE
FENTON YELLOTT
WHITNEY HOLT
JO MCMILLAN
ELLEN C. MELICK
CATHERINE MENZIES
CELESTE ALLEN
ELIZABETH RAGLAND
EVELYN WORSLEY
KATHERINE SPINGLER

Council Members

C. MENZIES E. RAGLAND
B. FELL

Celeste Allen
Raleigh, N. C.

Areil Close
Bel Air, Md.

Bettie J. Fell
Trenton, N. J.

Mary F. Green
Derwood, Md.

Whitney Holt
Duke, N. C.

Jo McMillan
Hendersonville, N. C.

Catherine Menzies
Hickory, N. C.

Ellen Mellick
Elizabeth City, N. C.

Elizabeth Ragland
Salisbury, N. C.

Mary F. Ramey
Marshall, Va.

Katherine Spingler
Ralfigh, N. C.

Evelyn Worsley
Tarboro, N. C.

Fenton Yellott
Bel Air, Md.

1925

TALKATIVE "BETTY" R.

HAPPIEST "WHITNEY"

ENERGETIC "ELLEN"

JOLLIEST "BETTY" R

UNSELFISH "EVELYN"

NEATEST "ARIEL"

INDUSTRIOUS "CELESTE"

ORIGINAL "BETTY FELL"

RELIABLE "SPRINGLER"

CLASS

UTEST OVABLE TTRACTIVE TUDIOUS NCERE

"JO" "CAT" "YELLOTT" "BOBBY" "RAMEY"

Guess Who?

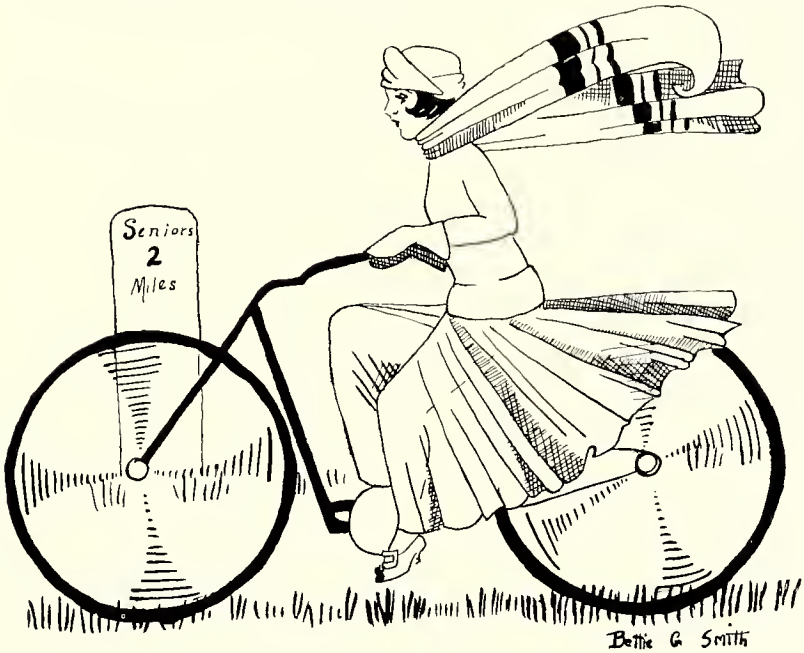
"Look in number 53."
"I haven't any mail!"
"Move a second, I can't see—"
Then many a mournful wail.
The hall is crowded full—
There is a deafening roar,
When suddenly a silence falls,
As "she" comes in the door.

Sometimes you're far in dreamland
When—Is that the bell? It cannot be.
You must grab your clothes and hurry up
Or "her" you'll go to see.
You'll trot upstairs at 7:20
And knock upon her door.
"She'll" just look out a minute
With a, "Please be late no more."

On Friday nights "she's" nowhere seen,
We often wonder why—
The fish we have is very good,
E'en tho we don't have pie.
What's that you say, who is this "she"?
My goodness, haven't you guessed?
Well, I'll not tell you just the same—
It's a good "Intelligence Test."

F. Yellott (A Junior).

SOPHOMORE



Sophomore Class

Colors: *Black and Gold* Motto: *"Climb tho' the rocks be rugged"*

Class Officers

M. Everett ..... *President*
K. Morris ..... *Vice-President*
M. Hardy ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
Miss Crofut ..... *Adviser*

Representatives on Student Council

M. Everett K. Morris

Roll

Allison
Barker
Bartholomew
Beacham
Beckwith
Brown, M. L.
Brown, T. O'N.
Burgwyn
Burnette
Chears
Church, H. J.
Clark, C. R. L.
Clark, M. L.
Collier
Dougherty
Dreyspring
Everett
Gatewood
Gibson
Graf
Gwynn
Harding
Hardy
Hood
Hughes
Johnson
Jones
Justice
Kale
Kennedy
Lawrence
Lee, M.
Lester
Little
Lyon
Martin, K.
Miller
Montague
Moore
Newberry
Nixon
Parker, M. E.
Parker, A. M.
Roberts
Saunders
Shannon
Skinner
Smith, A. W.
Stark
Stinson
Suter
Tyson
Tucker, B.
Tucker, L. K.
Walker
Warren
Williams
Willis
Wood

The Sophomore Class

Sophomore Prophecy

EMILY Burgwyn is lecturing
On "Pedigrees Lost and Found";
Ira Gatewood lectures, too,
On "How to Lose the Extra Pound";

H. Church and "Babe" are artists, rare,
They paint the cities red;
Edna Jones dresses hair
Becoming to the head!

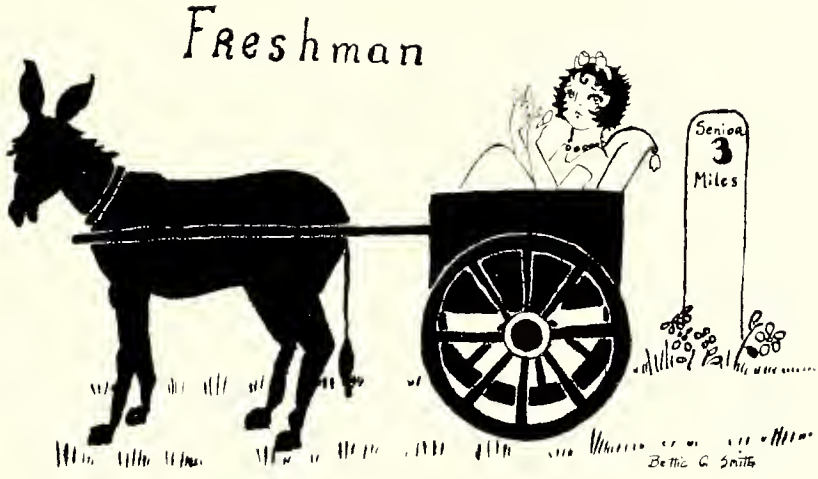
Videan is a missionary
To far-off heathen lands;
Kathryn Kale "Hoo-loo-hoos"
On hot Hawaiian sands;

M. Lester plays the violin
She's quite famous and well known;
K. Martin is a "Congressman"
With fire in every tone;

M. Everett is the President
Of the whole United States;
M. Lee won the Beauty Contest,
On her the lovers wait;

The futures of the rest
Are guaranteed, we know
They sought no grand career
Their blushes told us so!

E. YARBOROUGH.


Freshman
Senior
3
Miles
Bettie A. Smith

Freshman Class

Colors: *Red and Gray* Flower: *Poppy*

Motto: *"He who conquers, conquers himself"*

Class Officers

Louise Scott.....*President*
Page Bird.....*Vice-President*
Frances Arrington.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
Miss Force.....*Adviser*

Roll

Adams, L. B.
Adams, L. T.
Anderson, N.
Arrington, E.
Ashe
Barber
Bailey
Batts, C.
Batts, P.
Bird, C. P.
Blackmore, H.
Butler, C.
Burroughs, C.
Carraway, T. H.
Cooper, E. R.
Cox, L.
Crudup, L.
Denson
Derrick, T.
Dixon, E.
Donnelly, H. E.
Duncan, H. E.
Duvall, C.
Duvall, M.
Evans, S.
Fish
Gorrell
Green, E. T.
Hall, M. W.
Holton, D.
Humphrey
Ingram
James, C.
Lay, V. H.
Lee, L. D.
Matthews
Menzies, V.
Morris, L. M.
Myers, D.
McKellar
MacMillan
Norris
Platt, A. L.
Ray, M.
Royall, M.
Scott, F.
Scott, L.
Sears, T.
Smith, E. T.
Smith, Josephine H.
Smith, Juliet
Taylor, E. A.
Turner, J.
Wolfe, S.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Snaps

PREPS

Preps.

Colors: *Pink and Blue* Motto: *Children should be seen and not heard*

Class Officers

Mildred Henderson ..... *President*
L. Johnson ..... *Vice-President*
M. L. Neave ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
Miss Schweke ..... *Class Adviser*

Class Roll

Adams, B. M.
*Andrews, J.
*Ball, A.
*Barbee, F.
Benton, A. L.
Bonney, C.
Brannon, M.
Brown, E. L.
Bryant, M.
Bullard, L.
Bullard, M.
Burroughs, C.
*Busbee, S.
Cameron, L.
*Cameron, M.
Camp, S.
Carroll, E.
Church, Hester
Clarke, M.
Clarkson, M.
Clonts, E.
*Cove, M.
Coggin, G.
Cooper, N. P.
Croft, F.
Davis, M.
Davison, J.
Davison, E.
De Foor, D.
Dubreuil, C.
Evins, S.
Fisher, S.
*Freeman, M. W.
Gilliard, J.
Green, E. R.
Gregory, M. J.
*Gregory, K.
Hagan, J.
Hardin, M.
Harris, M.
Henderson, M.
*Hufty, V.
Huske, M. K.
Jamison, W.
Jeffreys, J.
Johnson, L.
Jordan, M.
Lewis, K.
Lynch, V.
*Love, H.
Martin, M. L.
Mitchell, J.
*Moser, K.
Murray, M. M.
McGee, E.
Neave, M. L.
Noland, R.
Northrop, B.
Nowell, A.
Parkman, W.
Person, F.
*Phillips, B. R.
Pickett, E.
Platt, E.
*Raney, K.
Raper, D.
Read, M.
Rose, M. L.
Satterwaite, S.
Smith, E. G.
Smith, E. I.
Smith, L. J.
Talmage, M.
Taylor, A.
Terrell, M.
Tilley, E.
*Tucker, C.
*Tillery, M. E.
*Wells, M.
Wilkes, J.
Wilkinson, L.
*Williams, S.
*Yates, E.

*Day Pupils.

Prep Class

Preps.

WE look with hungry eyes
On those "ladies higher up."
They glean the sweetest fruits;
Drink from the fullest cup.

They have within their heads
Thoughts both good and wise.
To us they are like Queens
In castles in the skies.

And yet we're glad we're Preps.
No sturdy tho'ts have we—
But we have the bestest time
Of any class that be.

E. YARBOROUGH.

Day Pupils

Officers

SARAH WOMBLE ..... *President*
BETTY ROSE PHILLIPS ..... *Vice-President*
JULIA ANDREWS ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
MISS SOUTHWICK ..... *Faculty Adviser*

Roll

CELESTE ALLEN
JULIA ANDREWS
ELIZABETH BARBER
FRANCES BARBEE
ALICE BALL
SARAH BUSBEE
CHARLIE BATTS
PATSY BATTS
ELIZABETH BOWEN
BLANCHE BONNER
KATHERINE BRETSCH
MARGARET CAMERON
MARION COBB
SARAH DENSON
ANNIE LOUISE EVANS
CARO FISH
BILLY FREEMAN
JULIA GILLIARD
KATHERINE GREGORY
MARGARET HARDY
BETTY BERT HILL
KATE HUMPHREY
HENRIETTA LOVE
JOANNA MATHEWS
KATHLEEN MOSER
LANDRUM NORRIS
ANNIE MOORE PARKER
BETTY ROSE PHILLIPS
MARY RAY
JOSEPHINE ROWLAND
KATHERINE RANEY
MARY BLAND SILER
KATHERINE SPINGLER
MAUDE STINSON
CAROLINE TUCKER
MARTHA TILLERY
MARGARET WELLS
MINNIE WALKER
SUSANNE WILLIAMS
ESSIE WILLIAMS
SARA WOMBLE
ELIZABETH YATES

CERTIFICATE

Helen Bryan Chamberlain
Kinston, N. C.
Expression

Dorothy Graber
Gretna, Va.
Piano

Jo McMillan
Hendersonville, N. C.
Art

Sara Womble
Raleigh, N. C.
Art

Macon Walters
Raleigh, N. C.
Art

MARY DAVIS
MARTINSVILLE, VA.
Home Economics

DOROTHY JONES
MONROE, LA.
Home Economics

KATHERINE LEWIS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Home Economics

ORGANIZATIONS
MONTAGUE.

The Pan-Archon Council

DURING the season of 1921-22 the Pan-Archon Council was organized under the leadership of Miss Turner. It is composed of the presidents of the various classes, and heads of the different organizations in school. The purpose of the council is to attain a greater degree of coöperation among the leaders of the student activities. The members of the Pan-Archon Council are:

KATHERINE FISHER ..... *Senior President*
CATHERINE MENZIES ..... *Junior President*
MARTHA EVERETT ..... *Sophomore President*
LOUISE SCOTT ..... *Freshman President*
MILDRED HENDERSON ..... *Prep. President*
MARY POWELL ..... *President of the Student Body*
ELEANOR YARBOROUGH ..... *Sigma Lambda President*
EUGENIA TREXLER ..... *E. A. P. President*
MARY LOUISE COLLIER ..... *Mu President*
KATHERINE MORRIS ..... *Sigma President*
MILDRED WADDELL ..... *Editor-in-chief of the Muse*
CLARE SPENCE ..... *Business Manager of the Muse*
HELEN BRYAN CHAMBERLAIN ..... *Editor-in-chief of the Bulletin*
ANNIE DAVENPORT ..... *Business Manager of the Bulletin*
RUTH CLARKE ..... *President of the Church School Service League*
MILDRED TABB ..... *President of the Alter Guild*
VIRGINIA PERSON ..... *President of the College Club*

Bulletin Staff

HELEN BRYAN CHAMBERLAIN ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
ANNIE DAVENPORT ..... *Business Manager*
AMY MEADE ..... *Assistant Editor*
BETTIE FELL ..... *Assistant Editor*

The Red Cross

AS in the five years preceding this one the Saint Mary's auxiliary of the Raleigh Chapter of the American Red Cross had a one hundred per cent membership in the school of faculty, officers, and students.

The executive committee of 1923-24 is made up of: Katherine Fisher, Chairman; Bettie Fell, Elizabeth Ragland, Catherine Menzies.

Church School Service League

Miss McKimmon.....*General Directress*
Ruth Loaring Clark.....*President*
Margaret Duvall.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

The Chapter Presidents

Anna Willis Boddie.....*St. Anne's Chapter*
Julia Maurice.....*St. Catherine's Chapter*
Anna Boyd Wilson.....*St. Agnes' Chapter*
Mattie King Hancock.....*Lucy Bratton Chapter*
Emma Lawrence Joyner.....*Kate McKimmon Chapter*
Videau Beckwith.....*St. Monica's Chapter*
Clare Spence.....*St. Elizabeth's Chapter*
Mary Powell.....*St. Margaret's Chapter*

Altar Guild

Mildred Tabb.....*President*
Julia Maurice.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

Adams, L. B.
Ashe
Beckwith
Bell, M. B
Boddie
Brown, M. L.
Burgwyn
Chears
Clark, R. L.
Close
Duncan
Fell
Graber
Hall
Hancock
Hardy
Hood
Huske
Johnson, K.
Joyner
Lay
Lester
Little
Martin, K.
Maurice
Meade
Melick
Meredith
Miller
McKellar
Nixon
Person, V. T.
Ragland
Ramey
Roberts
Saunders
Skinner
Smith, A. W.
Smith, J. H.
Tabb
Trexler
Tucker, L. K.
Tyson
Warren
Wilson
Wood
Worsley
Yarborough
Yellott

Wardens

Hancock Joyner Person Yarborough

Librarians

Bell, M. B. Spence

Choir Members

Miss Crofut.....*Leading Soprano*
Miss Houchen.....*Leading Alto*
Mr. Jones.....*Director*
Julia Maurice.....*Crucifer*

Allison
Clarke, R. L.
Croft
Derrick
Dougherty
Dubriel
Duncan
Everett
Huske
Hughes
Ingram
Lay
Lester
Lewis
Lawrence
McMillan
Platt
Smith, Josephine
Taylor
Willis
Yellott

LITERARY-SOCIETIES

Sigma Lambda Literary Society

Colors: *Purple and Gray* Flower: *Yellow Jessamine*

Motto: *"Lit With the Sun"*

Officers

Eleanor Yarborough.....*President*
Clare Spence.....*Secretary*
Virginia Person.....*Treasurer*
Mildred Waddell.....*First Vice-President*
Julia Maurice.....*Second Vice-President*
Virginia Person.....*Custodian of Banner*
Miss Reigart.....*Adviser*

Honorary Members

Miss Davis
Miss Fenner
Miss Morgan
Mr. Tucker
Miss Sutton
Miss Crofut
Miss Force
Miss Suydam
Miss Prosser

Active Members

Adams, B. M
Allen
Anderson
Bailey
Barker
Beacham
Beckwith
Bentin, A. L.
Blackmore
Blanton
Boddie
Bonnie
Brown, E. F.
Brown, M. E.
Bullard, L.
Burgwyn
Burnette
Butler
Cameron
Carroll
Clark, M. L.
Coggin
Collier
Cooper, E. R.
Cooper, N. P.
Croft
Davison, E. M.
Defoor
Derrick
Dixon
Dougherty
Duvall, M.
Duvall, M. C.
Everett
Evins
Fisher, K. DeB.
Green, E. R.
Green, E. F.
Gregory, M. J.
Hagan, J.
Holt
Hood
Hughes
James
Jamison
Johnson, K
Johnson, L. P.
Joyner
Kale
Lee, L. D.
Lee, M.
Lester
Lyon
Martin
Morris
Maurice
Menzies, C.
Menzies, V.
Meredith
Montgomery
Moore
McKeller
MacMillan
Neave
Nixon
Northrop
Nowell
Osborne
Parker
Person
Pickett, E.
Roberts
Ramey
Rose
Scott, F. O.
Sears
Shannon
Skinner
Smith, F.
Smith, J. H.
Spence
Taylor
Tilley
Tyson
Waddell
Wolfe
Wood
Yarborough

SIGMA LAMBDA LITERARY SOCIETY

Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

Colors: *Olive and Gold* Flower: *Jonquil*

Motto: *"Esse Quam Videri"*

Officers

Eugenia Trexler.....*President*

Ruth Clarke.....*First Vice-President*

H. B. Chamberlain.....*Second Vice-President*

A. Davenport.....*Secretary*

Alicia Platt.....*Treasurer*

Miss Cooke.....*Faculty Adviser*

Honorary Members

Miss Kath McKimmon Miss Bottum Miss Lee Miss Cooke
Miss Cobb Miss Schweke Miss Prather
Mr. Tucker Mr. Jones

Roll

Adams
Allison
Arrington
Ashe
Bell
Bird
Brannon
Brown
Bryant
Burroughs
Camp
Carraway
Chamberlain
Church, H. G.
Church, H.
Clark
Clarkson
Close
Crudup
Clonts
Davenport
Davis
Davison
Dixon
Donnelly
Dubreuil
Duncan
Fell
Fisher, S.
Gatewood
Gibson
Gorrell
Graber
Green, E. F.
Hall
Hancock
Hardin, H.
Harding
Hardy
Harris
Holten
Hyske
Ingram
Jeffrey
Jones
Kennedy
Lay
Lewis
Lynch
Martin, K.
Meade
Melick
Miller, A. B.
Mitchell
Montague
Morris, K.
Murray
Myers
McMillan, J.
Noland
Parkman
Peeson
Pickett, C.
Platt, A. L.
Platt, E. C.
Powell
Ragland
Raper
Read
Reams
Saunders
Scott
Smith, A. W.
Smith, E. I.
Smith, E. T.
Smith, J. H.
Smith, L. J.
Smith, J.
Stark
Suter
Satterwhite
Tabb
Taylor
Terrell
Trexler
Tucker, B.
Tucker, L. K.
Turner
Warren
Willis
Wilson
Worsley
Wilkinson
Yellott

E. A. P. Literary Society

"God Bless Mammy Joe and Uncle Tom"

By Mary Stark

Winning Story in Story Contest Between Sigma Lambdas and E. A. P.'s

LORD, hab mercy upon us and deliver us from de fury oh de Yankees, Amen."

"Mammy, oh, Mammy! Come here quick! The hahy's got the croup," called a voice.

"Yes, Missis, I'se a coming." The old colored woman scrambled from her knees and hurried into the next room.

"Oh, Mammy, my haby's got the croup. What must I do? Don't let him die." A sweet looking woman, of about thirty, turned from the crih over which she had heen bending and cast an agonized look at the old colored woman.

"Don't you worry, honey, I'll hah my boy feelin' just as fine as a fiddle in no time." She worked hard over the child for about an hour and then put him back in his crib.

"Now you go to hed, Miss Nellie, I'se a gwine to sit by dis boy for a little spell. I'se mighty much s'prised at dis big boy habing de croup. It's sure a sign something is gwine happen. Do you remember—neber mind. Go on to sleep."

The old colored woman had started to speak of the death of the child's father. Norfolk in 1857 had been seized with an epidemic of yellow fever. Mr. John Carter had sent his wife and two little girls to his old home on the James River, while he stayed to help nurse the sick. The ever faithful Mammy Joe had accompanied them. Two weeks after their arrival little John had heen born. When three weeks old he had a dreadful attack of the croup and the next day news of his father's death reached the plantation. Mr. Carter died without ever seeing his son.

Mrs. Carter and her three little children had never gone back to Norfolk. Life to Nellie Carter meant only her children. The night before Virginia seceded from the Union John, Jr., had an attack of croup and again the night before the Carters had to flee from the plantation because the Yankees had captured Surry Court House, just ten miles distant. The famous Carter silver had gone with them to Smithfield, a little place in the next county. They had been safe now for six months.

"What's a gwine ter happen now," pondered Mammy Joe as she rocked before the fire. "Dat chile habing de croup is sure a sign we're a gwine ter move. I'se gwine ter pack up my chilluns in de morning and take them to Richmond or some whar these pesky Yankees can't come."

The next afternoon Smithfield lay dozing in the warm afternoon sun. Not a man, woman or child was in sight. True, there weren't any men in the town to be seen but grandfathers and cripples, but even these were at home dozing perhaps. The peace and calm of a summer afternoon were everywhere apparent.

Suddenly the stillness was hroken by the sound of horses' hoofs and the clear notes of a hugle. Smithfield immediately came to life and swarmed upon the courthouse green.

A company of Confederate cavalry had just arrived and the news was quickly passed from mouth to mouth that a Yankee gunboat was coming up the creek. All eyes turned to the creek, which wound in and out among the marshes. A boat was seen in the distance.

"Oh, Mammy, what must we do? Our house would he the first one to be fired upon for you can see it 'way down the creek and we haven't any place really to hide the silver."

"Now, Miss Nellie, you jes calm yourself. I'se already told Tom ter hitch de mule to de carriage and I'se fixed your clothes, Lord knows they ain't many, and packed de silver. Jes' go in der house and put on your bonnet and we'll be a leaving. I'se gwine

to help Tom 'cause he's so ole he can't do much 'thout me. I told him I was coming." The old negro woman waddled out to the stable.

"Tom, whar is you, Tom?" asked Mammy Joe, sticking her head in the stable, "Why ain't you heah a hitching up dis mule? Well, I sees you've got the silver in the box contraption so I'll jes hitch up," muttered Mammy after she had poked her flat nose in every possible place to see that everything would be just right for her "white folks."

Half an hour passed. No Tom! Where could he be? Mammy racked her brain to think where in the world that "good fer nothing ole scamp" could have gone.

Suddenly she heard voices which sounded as if they might be just outside the stable. Her husband's voice rose above the rest.

"Yes, boss, I'se gwine ter show you whar dat silver is, but it's mighty far from here, more'n a mile, down the river."

"That's not the point. You show me where the Carter silver is and you'll get the reward I promised, but if you don't, the Lord help you," answered a voice with a decided Yankee twang.

That was all Mammy Joe could hear and then the footsteps died away in the distance. For a moment Mammy just stared into space and then, gathering up her skirts, ran as fast as her fat self permitted into the house.

"Oh, Miss Nellie," she called, "we'se a got ter get away from heah mighty quick."

Children, hats, coats and Miss Nellie tumbled down the steps in a mad jumble.

"Oh, Mammy, what's happened?" panted Miss Nellie.

"Jes dem Yankees is a coming mighty quick and we'se got to get away from here. Dat good-fer-nothing Tom has taken a fool notion into his head to wander off and we can't wait no longer for him."

"But, Mammy, we can't go and leave Tom."

"Yes'm we kin. He's my husband but I ain't gwine ter risk my life or yourn or de silver for him. Here, baby, put on yo hat and take yo Mammy's hand." Mammy and little John led the way, followed by Mrs. Carter and the two girls.

"Now, Miss Nellie, you and 'Big Sisters' sit on de back seat an' John and me, we'se a gwine ter drive—aint we baby?"

Cheerfully Mammy packed the family in the carriage and then climbed into the front seat. "We'se off!" she announced gaily.

"Mammy, I certainly hate to go off and leave Tom," sighed Miss Nellie. Mammy's only answer was to whip the mule.

Soon the town was far behind. Both Mammy and Mrs. Carter noticed how dark it was getting, but neither mentioned the fact. Mammy did not slack the reins for a minute.

Finally Mrs. Carter called to Mammy, "Don't you think we had better stop and have a little something to eat?"

"Yes'm, I guess so," said Mammy, slowing down the mule.

"You, children, get out and run up and down a bit," said their mother.

The scant meal was soon prepared, and all clustered around the one lamp the carriage still boasted.

The sound of horses' hoofs! Mrs. Carter and Mary looked at each other and without a word grabbed the children and jumped into the carriage. Mammy grabbed the reins and whipped the mule unmercifully. Mrs. Carter glanced over her shoulder. It was so dark she could not see a thing. She couldn't hear a sound but the beat of her mule's hoofs and the squeak of the carriage wheels.

Suddenly a voice came out of the darkness.

"Is this carriage, by any chance, Mrs. Carter's?" asked the voice.

"Yes," faltered Mrs. Carter.

"Well, I hope I didn't frighten you," replied the voice, the owner of which Mrs. Carter could just make out in the darkness. "I am Wells Randolph, lieutenant C. S. A., under General Johnson."

"Thank God," murmured the relieved woman.

"Ive come to tell you," continued the man, that the Yankees have been driven out of Smithfield and you may return home. I also have to inform you, although it grieves me very much, that your old colored man died just after we rescued him."

"Tom dead!" gasped Mrs. Carter.

"Yes," replied the man. "He led the Yankees away from your house so that you could escape. His last words were, 'God keep my missis. I'se a gwine ter tell ole massa I'se done my bes'."

"Oh, Mammy, did you know this?" sobbed Mrs. Carter.

"I reckoned that was what Tom was a-aiming at."

"But, Mammy, why didn't you tell me?"

"'Cause, Miss Nellie, he was jes' a-doing his duty like ole massa would-a wanted him to do."

The sad little party returned to Smithfield. The next day old Tom was buried with full honors and Mrs. Carter decided to give her silver to the Confederacy, for somehow she felt that was what old "massa" and her husband would have done and it seemed to be a memorial to faithful Mammy and Uncle Tom.

The Carter children, until their death, never forgot to add to their prayers, "God bless Mammy Joe and Uncle Tom."

Home

Winning Poem in Poem Contest Between Sigma Lambdas and E. A. P.'s

DOWN where the blue of the ocean
Meets the clear blue of the sky;
Down where the sea gull's poised motion
Bears him to waters unknown;
There where the white winged sail boats
Tip the blue waters with snow:
Down where the quaint feathered elm trees
Throw shadows on calm sea below;
Down where waves dash up,
Seething with foam;
Where salt sprays lash up,
Down there—is home.

VIRGINIA LAY.

IN the year 1900 Sigma Lambda Literary Society was founded and was named for Sidney Lanier, a leading Southern poet. Since its organization regular meetings have been held each alternate week, and other meetings have been held for special occasions such as Founder's Day and Lee's Birthday. For twenty years annual inter-society debates have been held. Commencement marshals are chosen annually by the society. The chief marshal was chosen by the E.A.P.'s last year and by the Sigma Lambdas this year.

EPSILON ALPHA PI Literary Society was founded in the year 1900. It was named for one of the leading Southern poets, Edgar Allan Poe. A meeting of this society is held every alternate Tuesday, during the school year. Called meetings are held on special occasions. Inter-society debaters and marshals are chosen annually. The chief marshal was chosen by this society last year and by the Sigma Lambdas this year.

On the Death of Mr. Wilson

TO-DAY, as I sat still, the bells rang out.
I heard the falling of unceasing tears—
The constant dripping of hot blinding tears—
While red and white and blue flags flapped in
Sunshine of a day, too glad for Winter
And too early for Spring.

I could hear futile, helpless tears
Falling, falling, softly and endlessly.
As the petals of orchids that fell
From his coffin.

I heard the tears of a nation, sorely hurt,
And through the tears I heard the quick choked sobs
And whispered prayers that came from hearts
Sincere in grief.

Bell Tolls. I heard the heavy tramp of soldier feet,
The stricken silence of the populace—
The monotone of padded wheels—rolling—rolling
In a thin, dark thread
To the Cathedral.

Then, hopeful as the golden altar candles,
And white as the Ascension lilies,
I saw the banner of the man's ideals
Flung 'round his shining flame of soul,
That, given once to mankind—and to peace—
Lives on forever, brave and strong and true.

Still, I could hear the futile, helpless tears,
Falling, falling, softly and endlessly.
As the petals of orchids that fell
From his coffin.

KATHARINE JOHNSON.

Marshals

CATHERINE MENZIES ..... *Chief, Sigma Lambda*
EDNA JONES NIXON ..... *Sigma Lambda*
MARION LEE ..... *Sigma Lambda*
EILEN MELICK ..... *E. A. P.*
KATHERINE MORRIS ..... *E. A. P.*

Inter-Society Debaters

JULIA MAURICE ..... *Sigma Lambda*
KATHERINE JOHNSON ..... *Sigma Lambda*
RUTH CLARKE ..... *E. A. P.*
EILEN MELICK ..... *E. A. P.*

CLUBS!
B.G Smith

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MILDRED TABB ..... *Vice-President*
MISS TURNER ..... *Faculty Adviser*

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V. PERSON
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DIXON, E. A.
DONNELLY
DIXON, J.
EVERETT
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GIBSON
GREEN, E. R.
GREEN, M. F.
HARDIN
HARDY
HOLTON
JOHNSON
LYON
MEADE
MELICK
MOORE
NORTHRUP
NOWELL
RAGLAND
SCOTT, F. V.
TYSON
WOOD
YARBOROUGH
YELLOTT

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Mary Gladys Bailey
Anne Willis Boddie
Emma L. Brown
Ruth Loring Clark
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Mary Louise Collier
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Grace Duncan
Martha Everett
Helen Louise Hughes
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Margaret MacMillan
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Peggy Parkman
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Elizabeth Tilley
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Fenton Yellott

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SMITH, E. G.
WALTON, M.
WOMBLE, S.

North Carolina Club

MOTTO: *"Old North State Forever"*

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ADAMS, L. B.
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BROWN, M. L.
BROWN, T. O'N.
BURNETT
BURROUGHS
BUTLER
CAMERON
CARROWAY
CHAMBERLAIN
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CLARKSON
COLLIER
COPPER, E. R.
COPPER, N. P.
COX
CRUDUP
DUNCAN
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HARDING
HARDY
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HENDERSON
HOLT
HOOD
HUSKE
INGRAM
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JORDAN
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LAY
LEE, L. D.
LEE, M.
LITTLE
MARTIN, K.
MAURICE
MEADE
MELICK
MENZIES, C.
MENZIES, V.
MEREDITH
MILLER
MITCHELL
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MONTGOMERY
MOORE
MORRIS, K. C.
MORRIS, L. M.
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PERSON, V. T.
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SATTERWAITE
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SMITH, JOSEPHINE H.
SMITH, J. H.
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TABB
TAYLOR
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TUCKER, B.
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DOROTHY BEECHAM
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DULCIE DE FOOR
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Faculty

MISS COBB
MISS PRATHER

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HESTER CHURCH
HELEN DONNELLY
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LOUISE HUGHES
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CLONTS, E.
CLOSE, A.
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DUVALL, C.
EVINS, S.
GREEN, M.
JOHNSON, K.
JONES, D.
LYNCH, V.
MARTIN, M. L.
MURRAY, M. M.
MCKELLAR, M.
PARKMAN, W.
PICKETT, C.
PICKETT, E.
SCOTT, L.
SHANNON, A.
SMITH, L. J.
SUTER, M.
TAYLOR, A.
WILSON, A. B.
WOLFE, S.
YELLOTT, F.

Elizabethan Club

Members

Elizabeth Platt
Elizabeth F. Green
Elizabeth R. Green
Elizabeth Cooper
Elizabeth G. Smith
Elizabeth Wood
Anne Elizabeth Nowell

Doctors' Daughters Club

Motto: *"An apple a day keeps the doctor away"*

Members

Margaret Justice
Louise Hughes
Virginia Person
Magaret Bryant
Grace Duncan
Clare Spence
Mary Green
Whitney Holt
Mary Muter Moore

Only Child's Club

Motto: *"Spare the rod and spoil the child"*

Members

Amy Meade
Dorothy Graber
Helen Bryan Chamberlain
Thelma Brown
Anna Boyd Wilson
Ann Nowell
Emma Louise Brown
Theodore Carroway
Katherine Morris
Cappy Boroughs
Dorothy Holton
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Ministers' Daughters Club

Motto: *"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl."*

Members

Katherine Johnson
Jane Meredith
Ruth Clark
Peggy Parkman
Videau Beckwith
Virginia Lay
Fenton Yellott
Miss Turner

ATHLETICS
Bettie G. Smith.

Mu

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Everett ..... *Manager of Track*
Scott ..... *Manager of Basketball*
Spence ..... *Manager of Volleyball*
Collier and Everett ..... *Cheer Leaders*

Teachers

Miss Crofut
Miss Schweke
Miss Prather
Miss Cobb

Mu Girls

Adams, L. B.
Allison, V. C.
Anderson
Ashe
Barthiolomew
Bell, M. E.
Bell, M. B.
Benton
Bird
Bonney
Brannon
Brown, T. O'N
Bryant
Burgwyn
Burnette
Cameron
Camp
Chears
Clark, M. T.
Coggin
Collier
Cox
Davis, M. H.
Davison, E. M.
De Foor
Derrick
Dixon
Donnelly
Dougherty
Dreyspring
Dubreuil
Duncan
Everett
Fell
Fisher, S. M.
Gatewood
Gibson
Graber
Graf
Green, E. F.
Green, M. F.
Gregory, M. J.
Harding, M. B.
Henderson
Holt
Holton
James
Jeffreys
Johnson, K.
Johnson, L. P.
Jones
Justice
Kennedy
Lay
Lester
Lee, L. D.
Lester
Lewis
Little
Martin, K.
Meade
Maurice, J. M.
Melick
Meredith
Montague
Morris, L. M.
Murray
McKellar
McMillan
Neave
Person, F. A.
Ragland
Raper
Reams, T.
Roberts
Rose, M. L.
Royall
Satterwaite
Scott, F. E.
Scott, L.
Sears
Shannon
Shell
Smith, A. W.
Smith, E. G.
Smith, J. H.
Speed
Spence
Tucker, B.
Tucker, L. K.
Turner
Wilkinson
Willis
Wilson
Wood
Yarborough

The Mu Athletic Association

Mu First Team Basketball

Forwards—

Lelia Cameron
Helen Donnelly

Guards—

Margaret McMillan
Eleanor Yarborough

Centers—

Dorothy Holton
Mary Louise Collier

Mu Second Team

Forwards—

MAY SPEED
MELA ROYALL

Guards—

ELIZABETH F. GREEN
LOUISE SCOTT

Centers—

MARY BRANNON
LILLIAN ADAMS

Mu Third Team

Forwards—

C. SPENCE
M. DAVIS

Guards—

L. COX
S. GIBSON

Centers—

S. CAMP
H. LITTLE

Mu First Team Volley Ball

L. Adams
P. Bird
M. L. Collier
H. Donnelly
G. Duncan
E. Green
D. Holton
C. Spence

Mu Second Team Volley Ball

Babe

Cheer Leaders
M. Everett I. Gatewood

Mu and Sigma Tennis

HELEN DONNELLY.....*Mu. Manager*

MARGARET CLARK.....*Sigma Manager*

Sigmas

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F. ARRINGTON ..... *Manager of Volleyball*
MARGARET L. CLARK ..... *Manager of Tennis*

Teachers

MISS SUYDAM
MISS FINNIGAN
MISS FORCE
MISS PROSSER
MRS. JUDD
MISS DAVIS
MISS REIGART

Roll

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BARKER, V. V.
BEACHAM, D.
BECKWITH, V. M.
BELL, V. L.
BLACKMORE, H.
BODDIE, A. W.
BROWN, M. L.
BROWN, E. L.
BULLARD, M. E.
BURROUGHS, C.
BUTLER, C.
CARROWAY, T. H.
CHAMBERLAIN, H. B.
CHURCH, H.
CHURCH, H. G.
CLARK, M. L.
CLARK, R. L.
CLARKSON, M. F.
CLONTS, E.
COOPER, E. R.
COOPER, N. P.
CROFT, F. E.
CRUDUP, L. L.
DAVENPORT, A. T.
DAVISON, J. E.
DUVALL, M.
DUVALL, M. C.
EVINS, S. E.
FISHER, K. DEB.
GORRELL, D. C.
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HUGHES, H. L.
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KALE, K. MCS.
LEE, M.
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LYON, K. G.
MARTIN, M. L.
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MENZIES, V.
MILLER, A. B.
MITCHELL, J.
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MOORE, M. M.
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MYERS, D. A.
MCGEE, E. M.
NIXON, E. J.
NOLAND, R. M.
NORTHROP, B.
NOWELL, A. E.
PARKER, M. E.
PARKMAN, W.
PERSON, V. T.
PHILLIPS, B. R.
PLATT, A. L.
PLATT, E. C.
POWELL, M. E.
RAMEY, M. F.
READ, M. D.
SAUNDERS, C. A.
SKINNER, W. S.
SMITH, E. I.
SMITH, E. T.
SMITH, F.
SMITH, JOSEPHINE
SMITH, L. J.
SUTER, M. L.
TABB, M. W.
TALLMADGE, M.
TAYLOR, E. V.
TERRELL, M. M.
TILLEY, E.
TREXLER, E.
TUCKER, E.
TUCKER, C. E.
TUNNELL, E. B.
TYSON, E. R.
WADDELL, M.
WARREN, E. P.
WILKES, J. S.
WILLIAMSON, V. H.
WOLFE, S. L.
WORSLEY, E. S.
YELLOTT, Y. F.

The Sigma Athletic Association

Sigma First Team Basketball

Forwards—

Rosalie Noland
Fenton Yelliott

Guards—

Stella Wolfe
Louise Allen

Centers—

Mary Powell
Harriet Church

Sigma Second Team

Forwards—

Margaret Terrell
Juanita Mitchell

Guards—

Hester Church
Peggy Clarkson

Centers—

Frances Abbington
Katherine Morris

Sigma Third Team

Forwards—

C. Tickee
V. Bell

Guards—

L. Crudup
A. B. Miller

Centers—

T. Carroway
F. Croft

Sigma First Team Volley Ball

F. Arrington
H. Church
K. Morris
M. Powell
M. Terrell
E. Tilley
C. Tucker
F. Yellott

Sigma Second Team Volley Ball

K. Morris

K. Morris and M. Harris
Cheer Leaders

Track Meet Reminders

Sigma Yells

Ray! ray! row! row!
Sigmas, show 'em how!

For when the good old Sigmas fall in line,
We're going to beat the Mus another time
We'll put a bright red banner on the wall
For the Sigma girls can sho' play basketball
We've got the forwards, guards, and centers, too
And we will surely make those Mus look blue—
Mus look blue
Come on Sigmas—win the game—win the game—
Good night, Mus!

Horse and wagon, horse and wagon
Team! Team! Team!
Locomotive, locomotive—
Coach! Coach! Coach!

For the red and white will shine tonight
And this is what we'll do—
We'll play and fight with all our might
To make the Mus look blue.
We'll get it in the center
And in the basket too—
For the red and white will shine tonight
And this is what we'll do
Glory, glory to the Sigmas
Glory, glory to the Sigmas
Glory, glory to the Sigmas
Its S-I-G-M-A.

Zumma zamma!
Zumma zamma!
Zimma zamma zee!
Who are?
Who are?
Who are we?
We are!
We are! Nothing to lack!
Sigmas! Sigmas!
Rackety rack!

Oh, I thought I heard somebody say—
The Sigma girls were coming this way.
With a vevo; with a vivo
With a vevo-vivo vum
Oh, it's just as plain as it can be.
We've got the Mu team up a tree
With a vevo; with a vivo
With a vevo-vivo-vum!

We are happy
When we yell
P-O-W-E-L-L
Yah—Mary!

Who's our president?
Can you guess?
M-O-R-R-I-S
Yea—Katherine!

Mu Yells

Hit 'em high
Hit 'em low
Mu team—
Let's go!

Potatoes, potatoes
20 cents a peck
If you're going to beat the Mus
You've got to break your neck!

You Sigma Team
We've got you worried
You Sigma Team
We've made you blue
For you thought you had us beat
From your hand that we would eat
But soon you'll know
That it's not so
For the Mu team will win from you
You Sigma team
You make us tired
But Sigma Team
You're in our spell
You Sigma team will soon be sad
Because we'll beat you up so bad
Oh, Sigma team
We'll sure beat you.

We'll pass that ball like Mus
We'll pass that ball like Mus
Where the guards are weak
We'll pass it through
Where the guards are strong
We'll pass it too
We'll pass that ball like Mus!

Stand 'em on their heads
Stand 'em on their feet
Mu team, Mu team
Can't be beat!

Nice little job for the under-taker
Nice little job for the casket maker
Yonder in that cemetary ground
Gonna be a new-made mound
No hope, you Sigmas.

M-U
That's the way to spell it
Ray Mu!
That's the way to yell it
Team! Team! Team!

AMONG OURSELVES
MONTAGUE

STATISTICS

Statistics Rhyme

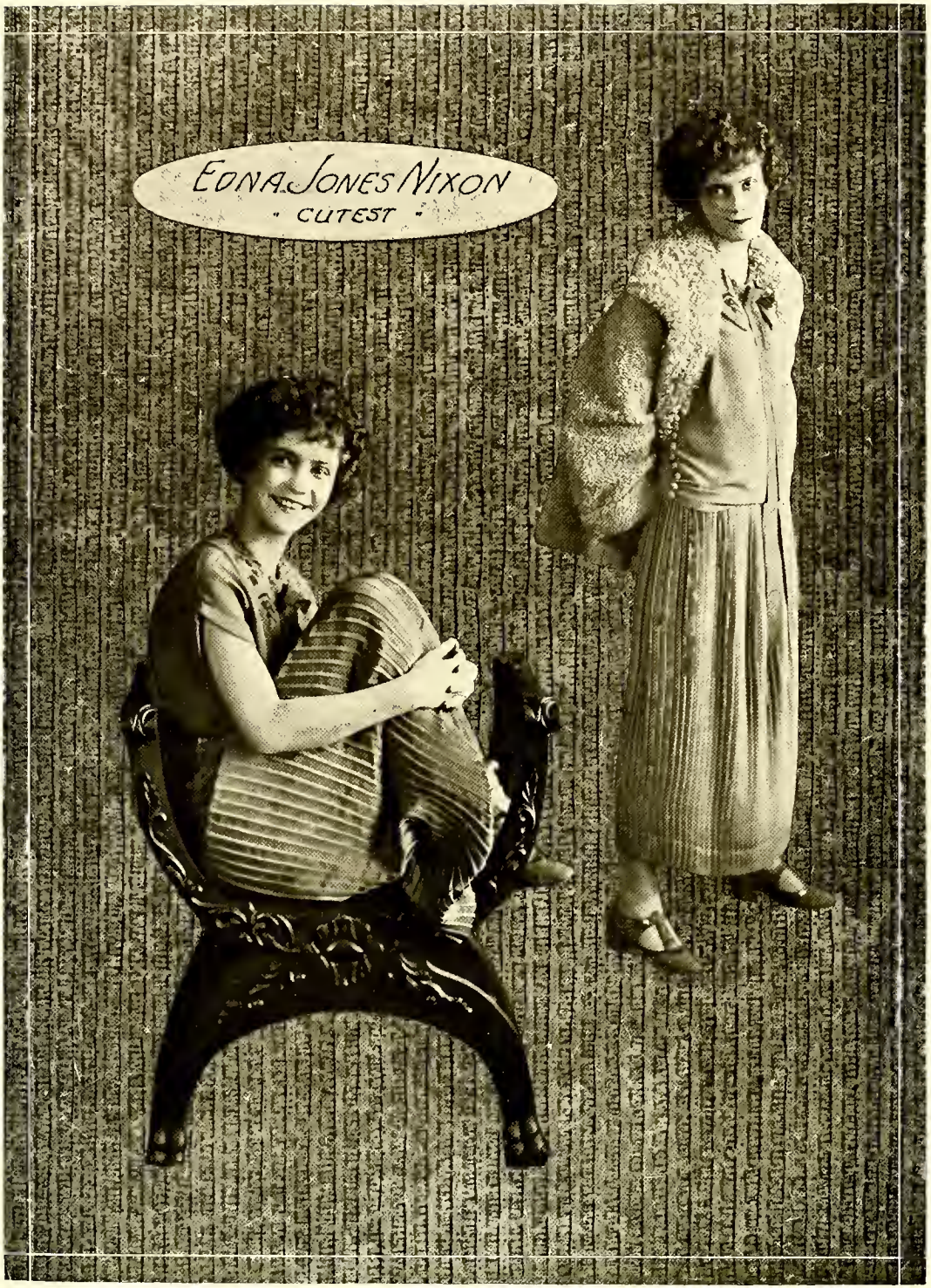
Virginia is the Prettiest of all the girls
With her big brown eyes and head of curls;
Her older sister Catherine Menzies
Is the Most Lovable of all of these.
Babe of course went away it is true
With the Most Attractive and Popular too.
Try to find a girl with any more Pep
Than Katherine Morris 'cause that's her rep,
While Edna Jones is the Cutest one,
And the Best Looking is M. Henderson.
Harriet is an Athlete right,
While Fenton Yellott is more than Bright.
The Most Original is Ira Gatewood,
While Fisher and Scottie Dance as they should.
Mildred Waddell is Most Efficient of the rest;
Powell is Influential and All 'Round the Best.

Virginia Menzies
Prettiest

CATHERINE MENZIES
MOST LOVABLE

MARY LOUISE COLLIER
MOST POPULAR
MOST ATTRACTIVE

KATHERINE MORRIS
PEPPIEST


EONA JONES NIXON
CUTEST

MILDRED HENDERSON
BEST LOOKING

Harriet Church
Most Athletic

FENTON YELLOTT
MOST BRILLIANT

IRA GATEWOOD
MOST ORIGINAL

KATHERINE FISHER
BEST FOLLOWER
LOUISE SCOTT
BEST LEADER

Mildred Waddell
Most Efficient

MARY POWELL
BEST ALL-'ROUND
MOST INFLUENTIAL.

Such Is Life

BELLS are always ringing,
There's never any peace.
It's come here—go there,
Never your work to cease.

In the morning there is chapel,
And still again at night;
You get lots of religion,
Yet you never do things right.

"Where's your chapel cap?"
"Roll your stockings up!"
"Stop talking on the back row!"
"Why did you practice cut?"

Yet when at last you're home,
You begin to miss it all,
And you're waiting and eager
To come back next Fall.

F. YELLOTT

A Night in the Parlor

WHEN the dreary tasks of the day are done,
Then the parlor's the place to have some fun,
'Cause everybody's happy there, everybody's glad.
You never see a girl whose mad, nor even one the least bit sad.

The music is always full of "pep,"
It's there you learn the latest step,
And if you're lucky and lead real well,
Then your fame's assured—you'll be a belle.

Here's a mighty good chance to dance with your crush,
Even tho' it does cause a tell-tale blush,
And you hope and pray that with her you'll get stuck,
But alack and alas, there's no such luck.

Then the dread bell warns you that all good things must end,
To study hall quickly your way you must wend,
Every cloud has a silver lining and this one's mighty bright,
'Cause it's only twenty-four hours until tomorrow night!

E. T.

Wanted

JUST a little subway train
To take us home and back again
When we're homesick;
Just a little chapel cap,
That through all, whate'er may hap'
To us will stick!

Just a bit o' nat'ral curl
For the forlorn straight-haired girl
When it rains;
Just a little time to spare
In which to make a little prayer
'Bout our pains!

Just a little piece of string
To hang the girl who breaks the swing
In Senior Hall;
Just a little smile or two
To cheer us when our skies aren't blue
For each and all!

E. YARBOROUGH.

Exams

We burn the midnight oil
Because of past neglect;
And stuff our curly heads
With pecks of intellect.

Then for two whole hours
We search for dates, in vain,
And hurry lest we may
Prolong the mental pain.

When we hear our failing mark
A melancholic germ
Creeps in and sticks—till we hear
That we've passed for the term!

E. YARBOROUGH

"Senior Stand Bys"

A Tribute From the Seniors

To Our "Stand Bys"

TO one who helps us when we'er blue,
One who is gentle, kind and true,
To one we love throughout the day,
Here's a tribute to you, Mr. Way.

Although in chapel line we talk,
Or from the table we slip a fork,
Miss Morgan has the same sweet smile,
She knows advice is well worth while.

Her praise is always for the best,
She helps the weak ones meet the test,
Miss Turner always wants to do
The thing she thinks is the best for you.

To one who gives us good advice,
The one we think sincere and nice,
'Tis Miss Davis we leave with tears
And will not forget in future years.

Miss Sutton is to us a friend,
She'll be with you thro' thick and thin,
If we are blue—if we are sad
We know she'll try to make us glad.

We know that he believes in us,
We know that he receives our trust,
Mr. Tucker's ever willing to lend
Time and patience to us, his friend.

There is one we'll ever adore,
We learn to love her more and more,
Miss Honchen is sweet, gentle and good,
We love her the way every one should.

Although we've known her just one year,
It's not Miss Snydam that we fear,
She always has a ready smile
And that is what makes life worth while.

No matter in what trouble you are,
He is always the guiding star,
Mr. Stone leads us down the road,
His hand is ready to bear the load.

We love to see her cheerful face,
We love to hear her even pace,
Never have seen her sad or blue,
'Tis Miss Lee who wants to help you.

The dearest lady of all the rest,
We always like to serve her best,
Miss Katy gives us words of praise,
Especially on our bluest days.

Annie Davenport.

Sweet William

(Tune: "When First I Met Sweet Peggy)

WHEN first I saw sweet William
'Twas when I left the train.
In one of his hands he took my bag,
In 'tother he whirled his cane.
He asked me for a quarter,
And kindly took my cheek;
I was so thankful to him that
I 'most fell on his neck.
But there were most a dozen more,
And checks and bags were there galore—
So he looked once at me,
Then turned him to flee,
Leaving me, for the once, the floor.

When next I saw sweet William
'Twas in the history room;
He wore stuck in his buttonhole
A red rose full in bloom.
The very first thing he asked me
I really didn't know;
But he said "That's right," and then he talked
On the theme an hour or so—
With a pause every now and then,
And then he started off again.
When his "what" oft is heard
We just fill in the word—
Oh, sweet William's the sweetest of men!

SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD
TWO IS A COMPANY THREE IS A CROWD
SWEET SIXTEEN AND NEVER WERE KISSED
IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVE AT ALL
VANITY ALL IS VANITY

Memories of Hallowe'en

What's in a Name

EVERY **Bodie** thought he'd **Suter** fine and the **Church** was crowded. The **Bell** was tolling and it resounded with **Chears** when the organist started in on the wedding march. The bride was a **Little** thing, and you **Wood** never have known her for the **Close** she had on. She wore a handsome **Green** dress with a lovely **Brown Hood** to it. She was one lovely bride and Jim was glad to **Joyner** to him. I always think of that wedding whenever I hear of any new disturbance in the Blank household. You see, Mr. Blank is a **Barber.** He was so jealous of his wife that he tried to **Cooper** up. She wasn't a very **Hardy Person** and one day she **Fell** into the well and it was a long time before any one could **Fisher** out. She caught an awful cold and began to **Barker** head off. Her temperature **Rose** and she N'**Everett** a thing. All she'd do was **Lyon** her back, waiting for Jim to come home. **Nixon** happiness for her, **Tilley** was right there. Her sister **Anderson** came calling one day. "You **Nowell** you should be up and out by now," she said. But still she had in her **Chamberlain.** People began to think this was **Nolan** for her, she **Lay** as still as **Stone.** She just **Burroughs** into her bed; they **Tucker** in and there she stayed. Jim was about to make arrangements with the undertaker to **Carroway** her corpse when she seemed to grab out for her life and **Pickett** up again. Then did she **Yellott** them: "This is no **Way** to do. Di**Spence** with the nurse I'll be sick no **Moore.**" Now she's going around as pert as a **Bird** and you'd never know she'd been sick. She **Justice** that foolish.

F. Yellott.

The Minuet

In olden days our great grandma danced the minuet,
In hoop-skirt she moved with curtsey low and dainty step.

The Waltz

The waltzers moved with stately grace,
They circled the room with rhythmical pace

Modern Dancing

But "on with the dance",
Now it's all a prance—
Twirling, dipping and swirling,
It puts her brain in a perfect whirling.

Features in the Founder's Day Program

Colonial Ball

Lost

I searched my room from bottom to top,
I've even swept, 'n used the mop.
I've looked 'n looked with all my might
But still the thing is lost from sight.

I crawled beneath my bed
But found there only dust instead.
My closet floor was such a mess
The chance of finding it grew less.

I moaned 'n groaned for time was short,
The darned old thing I had just bought.
The bell rang 'n I grabbed a book,
'N gave just one more searching look.

In study hall I searched again
And this time it was not in vain,
For there right by my history map
I found my darned old chapel cap!

K. Morris.

To Freeze or Not to Freeze

OH! "roomie," dear—the hour is late!
Pray pull the windows down!
Or we shall be late and then
We'll greet that tell-tale frown!

No sound or sigh—the sleepin' one
Too lost in dreams, yet—
It is to freeze to rise just now,
I'll sleep some more, you bet!

The breakfast bell! I am sad;
The clothed ones do rejoice!
"Unawares," I quoth, "to freeze
Or not to freeze—no choice!"

E. Yarborough.

Apt Quotations

Better a bad excuse than none at all—*Babe Collier.*

Early to bed, early to rise—*Saint Mary's motto.*

Every why hath a wherefore—*Bobby Greene.*

Silence is golden—*Margaret Terrell.*

Laugh and be fat—*Ira Gatewood.*

The remedy is worse than the disease—*The Infirmary.*

It is better to wear out than to rust out—*Mary Harris.*

All's well that ends well—*Dressing for Chapel.*

A little snow trembles about, anon becomes a mountain—
Where, Who is, and Why.

Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no * * *—*Cuckoo.*

Beauty draws more than oxen—*Virginia Menzies.*

Nothing is more useful than silence—*In Chapel.*

As merry as the day is long—*Louise Scott.*

I have a little shadow—*Katherine Morris.*

Memories of Party Given by Freshmen to Juniors

A Day at Saint Mary's

FOOTSTEPS sound upon the stair
The bell—it must have rung
Not time for any extras
Jus' grab your clothes an' run!
Slip into the dining room
Then, a second's morning prayer—
You don't know you're hungry
Until you're seated there.

Southern wholesome food
Greets your hungry eyes,
And— the dish of a queen.
Delicious but, less wise,
You somehow eat it all
And pass your plate for more;
At last, the meal is over
Dash to the post office door.

Make your bed an' wield your broom,
Better hide the dust.
Teachers all inspectin'
They'll show you that you must.
Once again the bell you hear
Off to assembly and church
Jus' a moment's thoughtfulness
'Bout homefolks, duty—and such.

All day long you study hard.
Just half an hour for lunch,
When finally school is over,
All gather in a bunch.
Learned Seniors and Juniors free.
Start out midst envious stares;
Never mind! You'll get your chance,
Preps an' Sophs there on the stairs.

Change your dress for dinner
In middies you must'nt be seen!
Soon once more you take your place
In the chapel—calm and serene.
Only a short evening service,
Till into the parlor you go
To dance, an' laugh, an' gayly sing
Then leaden feet to study hall go.

As the hour goes swiftly by,
Many hearts begin to beat—
"I jus' must tell her good night
Or I'll not be able to sleep."
Couples standin' on the stairs
In the same old-new-old way.
Thus goes life at Saint Mary's
Thus we end the day.

G. F. Y.

Crushed

A FIGURE fair, divinely tall,
Strolls leisurely down the hall;
My feet with demons seem possessed,
I cannot move—I am distressed!
To the roof of my mouth my tongue cleaves,
No word can I speak till the fair one leaves;
My errand I completely forget
My head is swimming—I'm all upset!
Then I stammer—my hair on its ends—
"No, not a crush—just one of my friends!"

E. YARBOROUGH.

"Just Friends"

Senior Hall

IMAGINE IT!

Virginia Person has no book
Which she eyes with earnest look;
Margaret Bell to detention goes
Because of her many "I don't knows";
Imagine it!

A. Davenport, so small and thin
Hears a joke and doesn't grin!
Mary Powell laughs not at all
Forgets to practice basketball;
Imagine it!

Eugenia Trexler's solitary
No crushes there to make her merry;
Helen Bryan has naught to say
Is meek and shy for one whole day;
Imagine it!

Miss Turner into her office goes
Lies on her desk no red, red rose;
And Amy Meade goes to bed
Without a thought of her Ned;
Imagine it!

Julia Maurice gets a letter—
Finds that Harry loves her no better;
Clare Spence goes no more
To that room on second floor;
Imagine it!

K. Fisher gets no mail today,
Meets a friend, has naught to say;
Mildred walks oh! so slow—
Nothing to do—nowhere to go;
Imagine it!

"Tabby-Cat" sees Ellen fair
Says somethin' mean and does not care;
Dot Graber sits alone and sad
No "Amy" there to make her glad;
Imagine it!

Emma Lawrence runs so fast—
An' "breezes in"—a wintry blast!
Annie Willis flies away
Shirks all duty for a day;
Imagine it!

Anna Boyd has her "vic"
No careless hand has made it sick!
You can rely on Mattie King
She doesn't forget a single thing;
Imagine it!

The Seniors make no preparation
For English N examination;
They pass exams—reach their goal
Without the passing of a soul;
Imagine it!

E. YARBOROUGH

Seniors

School Orchestra

Yes! We Have No--!

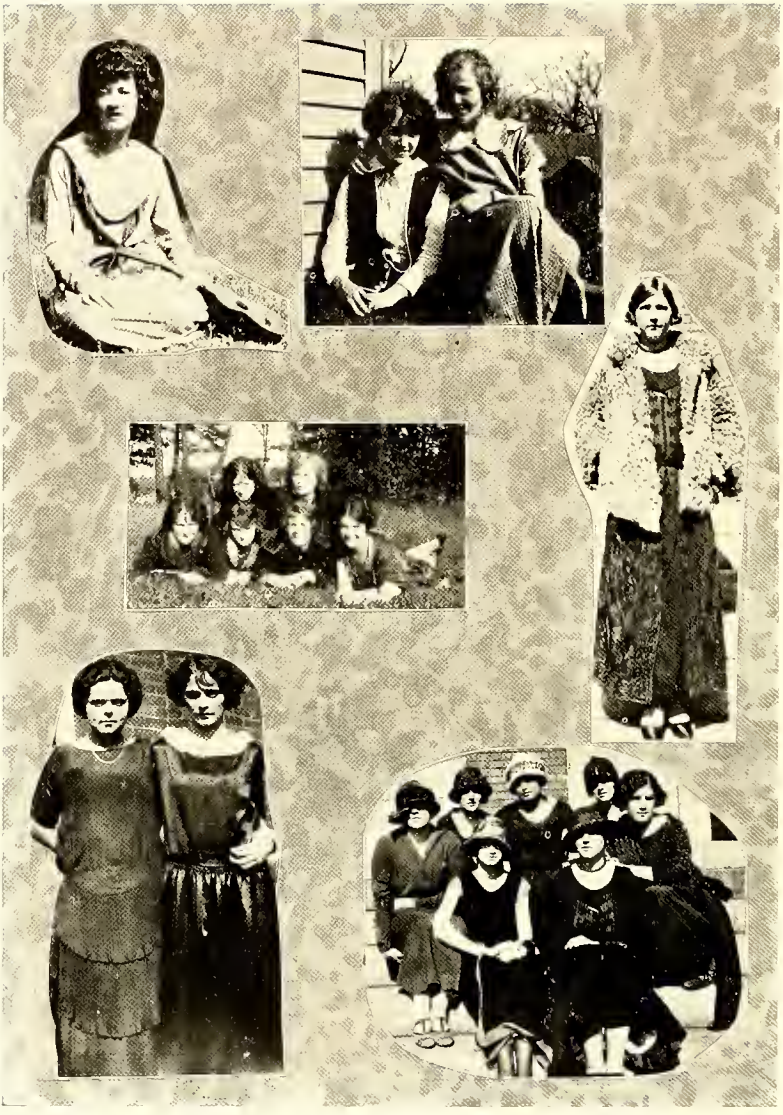
YES! we have no hearts!
Alas! they've long since fled
To "State" and "Carolina";
We have frat pins instead!

Yes! we have no curls!
Our hair is straight and slick;
We court popularity—
Be stylish! that's the trick!

Yes! we have no pains!
We're always glad and gay—
Because we're virgins wise
We save for the rainy day!

Yes! we have no things!
That are not good for us—
All evil we cast aside
Miss Morgan says we mus'!

E. Y.



School Snaps

School

WE stay in school day after day
And learn to do the proper way.
We go to classes 'n to "gymn."
'N obey Miss Morgan's every whim.

In chapel line like saints we walk
She will not even let us talk.
'N if to breakfast we are late
With BAM we'll surely have a date.

When to the lectures we all go
We must be dressed as white as snow.
The deadline now we no more trod
For to a boy perhaps we'd nod.

On Saturdays in our rooms we keep
'N learn to dust 'n mop 'n sweep.
Our rooms must all be clean 'n straight
Before we can have our beloved date.

A quiet hour we always dread,
Nothing to do but go to bed.
We sleep 'n write to all the boys
'N get so bored we even play toys.

But vacation days are here at last
'N with pleasure we look back on the past.
We hate to leave our dearest friends,
But we'll all be back when school begins

K. Morris.

"Extry" Stars

WHEN Gabriel blows his horn
And all mortals fall in line,
To get their golden crowns
Where their heavenly star gems shine,
All members of the Senior Class
Will carry little trays
In which to put the "extry" stars
That we've earned in these school days.

Besides the reg'lar star or two
For the deeds we've done alone,
We'll get some bright and shining ones
For stiflin' many a groan!
We haven't let a moan slip out
Tho' we've often been displeased;
And the achin' Freshmen hearts
We've tried to—and often—eased.

We've developed quite the chest
Pullin' wool over the eyes
Of the "Preps"—they're now inspired
To grow both good and wise!

We've put little bugs
Into aggravated ears
And made them love Saint Mary's
An' vanquished all their tears.

We've offered to the school
Our words—and service, too,
I think we deserve some "extry" stars
In our golden crowns, don't you?

E. Yarborough.

Class Party Given by Sophomores to Seniors

Any Basketball Game

THE Mus troop whooping, dancing in
To a corner of the gym—
Then, the Sigmas howl, prancing in
With vigor and with vim.

While Martha begs the Mu girls
To yell with all their might
Edna Jones rocks low and prays
That Sigma team to fight.

A whistle blows and suddenly
The gym is quiet as death—
Miss Sutton and Miss Morgan
And Miss Katie hold their breath.

The ball goes up in center
Then, comes a whirl of ties—
Harriette flashes away with the ball
Centre of all eyes.

Some zigzag Sigma pass-work
Is a feature of the night.
Mus and Sigmas seem to be
In a rough and tumble fight.

Cameron snatches the slippery ball
Swaying light and true
She hurls it up with airy grace
Score two for the blue!

Powell gives the ball a slap.
Harriette gives it a clinch
Noland throws it easily up
Into the basket—a cinch.

So, the game goes on, and we
Watch on with labored breath
Till Jackey grabs her marble brow,
And falls, as if in death.

But as Miss Katie waves her stick
"Call time," Eleanor cries
Clutching at her middy blouse
And blushing to her eyes.

And as the game speeds to an end
We 'most forgot the score
So mindful of the minutes race
And wishing there were more.

Of course one team is bound to lose
And one is bound to win—
But winners or losers, they're St. Mary's girls—
And losing is no sin.

Indeed, even if you were there
And did not hear the score—
You'd never know who lost or won,
For nobody gets sore.

So, we won't mention scores at all
For each St. Mary's girl
Fine and loyal, staunch and true
Is the best girl in the world.

K. JOHNSON.

Around About School

The Witch of Albemarle

FAR back in the woods in a little cottage on the Albemarle shores bordering the eastern coast of North Carolina there lives an old, old lady who is known to all around as Maid Moore. She lives a simple banker life and is well known as a fortune teller. As a result her house is frequented by the many summer people, who wish to have their futures unfolded by this famous old lady.

I had for a long time been anxious to talk to Maid Moore and hear some of the interesting stories she told of the earlier banker life on the Albemarle shores. I went to see her, one day, and succeeded in inducing her to tell many interesting tales of the earlier banker life, but her experience with the witch I enjoyed more than any other of her stories.

There was once in her neighborhood an old woman who believed herself to be a witch and who thought she was gifted with the power of conjury. This old woman was known by all as Aunt Frankie Matthews, the witch. Now Aunt Frankie was not loved by her people, as Maid was, for she held them, at her wish, under her spell bringing sickness and trouble on their children and families, and filling the minds of these people with horrid and evil thoughts. Therefore, they thought Aunt Frankie was an evil spirit among them and secretly longed for her to be killed.

Aunt Frankie believed she had but one rival in all her powers of witchcraft and that was Maid Moore. For this reason, she hated Maid and planned to conjure her by means of some magic herbs which she gathered from the near-by woods.

"Frankie, she come to my house and say, 'I go get some herbs for to conjure with—you no power to conjure—you not witch—but me—I go get my weeds and cast my spell on you.' Then I get mad with that ol' witch and I swear I'd kill her. But she go on and get her old weeds and come back again. Now when she come back, I go get my shot gun, I did, and I layed off to kill that woman. When she saw me wid de gun, she screamed, and I say, 'I'm going kill you'—but she say, 'You have hard time—I no die easy—I'm witch!'

"Well, then I shoot my gun and she fall flat, but I watched her and she still breathed. Then I get madder and madder at her and I say, 'You will die, you witch and conjurer!' and she say, 'But you no kill the cats!' and then she moaned and moaned and I shoot my gun again an' when I see her still breathing and hear her sighing away, I shoot my gun again. Then I was madder still—after that she no breathed and groaned and so I thought her was dead."

"But weren't you afraid, Maid, that the people would get you for killing her?" I interrupted.

"Humph! They no care, they want to get rid o' her—they want her to die an' I kill her too, the damned ol' witch. And when I see her die I say, 'You go to hell, you damned witch, and you stay there; and her went, too!"

"But what did you do with her, Aunt Maid? You couldn't leave her there in the door of your house."

"Naw, some people come get her. They take her to her little house an' then they come get me for to shroud her. I no care so I go that night to her house.

"After we shroud her, then we put her in de coffin and she move a little and den moan. The people, they all scared and scream; but I no scared, an' they say, 'She no die because she witch!' And then we hear big fuss up on de roof that sound like scratching and they all scream and were scared nigh to death. But, humph! I no scared and I just watch. Pretty soon the cats come through the window, nine of 'em, one right after de other and all black as the night outside. Well, they walk round an' round Aunt Frankie's coffin and all the time her moan an' moan and then they go inside. Well, Aunt Frankie then just left—we no see her any more—her disappear and then the cats began to shriek. The people all cry, 'Kill 'em, kill 'em,' but I say, 'No!' Then the cats just walk out like they came, one by one and all de time shrieking and hissing.

"'N so Frankie die, and now my people live happy. They no 'fraid of witches and they no have anybody to bring sickness and trouble on them. I kill Frankie Matthews—because she witch and she try to conjure me and my people!"

Edna Jones Nixon.

Here's to Her—

Tall and slender

but—not fair,

horn-rimmed glasses

'n dark brown hair.

Eyes that right straight

thru you cut

'n make you feel

like a perfect Nut.

Her face is stern

but then she smiles

'n she even tries

to change the styles.

She restricts you

for a long, long year

'n then she up

'n calls you "dear."

She's always here,

'n always there

'n can catch you

almost anywhere.

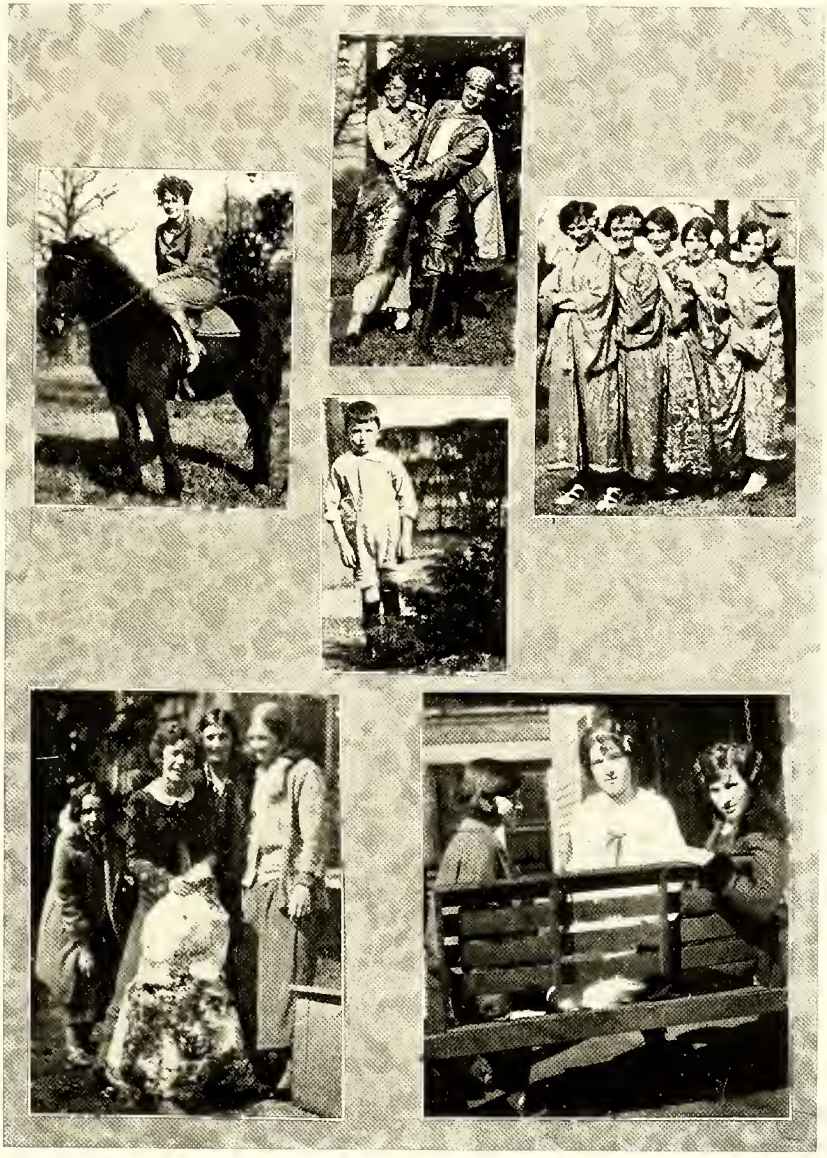
She is stern

'n she is strict

But to Miss Morgan

You bet..... ....WE'LL STICK.

K. Morris.



Among Ourselves

Mr. Stone

There's not a date he doesn't know
  Of all his facts he's sure—
He knows both French and Latin
  And oh, a great deal more.

I wonder if any one else
  Knows all there is to be known
Of History M and History N—
  Like the one and only, Mr. Stone?

He can easily make you wish
  The earth would swallow you whole
If by chance you might forget—
  One of the "Utilities of Coal."

He can often catch you up—
  With his eternal what's and why's.
He can make you forget
  What's right before you eyes.

But even with all that—
  There's none in all this world—
Can take his place with us—
  At whom his "what's" are hurled.

F. Y.

The Perfect Senior

Boddie's hair
Graber's eyebrows
Smith's eyelashes
Fisher's mouth
Maurice's eyes
Wilson's nose
Boddie's dimples
Waddell's complexion
Yarborough's make-up
Chamberlain's figure
Bell's youthfulness
Joyner's sincerity
Davenport's jollity
Person's love of knowledge
Powell's disposition
Spence's unselfishness
Meade's "vic"
Trexler's crushes
Bell's brilliancy

Fisher's dancing ability
Graber's musical ability
Hancock's voice
Joyner's dignity
Tabb's laugh
Maurice's amiability
Waddell's efficiency
Spence's capability
Powell's popularity
Meade's line
Hancock's serenity
Tabb's gift for gab
Smith's common sense
Trexler's originality
Yarborough's vocabulary
Wilson's fur coat
Davenport's shoes
Chamberlain's hats
Person's little sister.

School Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday-Wednesday 11-12—Opening days of the Eighty-second Annual Session; arrival of new girls Tuesday; return of old girls Wednesday.

Saturday, 15—Reception of old girls to new in the "Parlor."

Saturday, 29—Reception given by Sigma Lambdas and E. A. P.'s to new members in the "Parlor."

OCTOBER

Saturday, 6—"Bloomer party" in gym—Mus victorious.

Monday, 8—Miss Southwick's Recital in the Auditorium.

Wednesday-Thursday, 17-18—Holidays: State Fair; Carolina-N. C. State Football Game.

Monday, 29—Lecture by Mr. Skeyhill in Auditorium.

Wednesday, 31—Hallowe'en Ball, in the gym.

NOVEMBER

Thursday, 1—All Saints' Day. Founder's Day. Founder's Day Program, in the "Parlor."

Monday, 12—Organ Recital by Mr. Jones at Christ's Church.

Saturday, 17—Class Parties. Seniors to Sophomores in the "Parlor." Juniors to Freshmen in the "Lobby" and Preps in the gym.

Monday, 19—Track Meet, 3 p.m. in Athletic Field. Mus victorious.

Saturday, 24—Carolina Playmakers in the Auditorium.

Wednesday, 28—"Ladies of Cranford," given by Miss Davis' private Expression pupils in the Auditorium.

Thursday, 29—Thanksgiving Day. Special services in the Chapel.

DECEMBER

Saturday, 1—Basketball game. 1st team Sigmas victorious.

Monday, 3—Miss Crofut's Recital in the Auditorium.

Saturday, 8—Basketball game. 2d team Mus victorious.

Tuesday, 11—Sigma Lambda model meeting in the "Parlor."

Wednesday, 12—Piano Recital 5:15, in Auditorium, given by Miss Southwick's pupils.

Thursday, 13—E. A. P. model meeting in the "Parlor."

Saturday, 15—Senior plays, "Maid of France" and "Why the Chimes Rang," in the Auditorium, followed by Christmas tree entertainment in gym.

Monday, 17—Christmas holidays began.

JANUARY

Thursday, 3—Return of students after Christmas holidays.

Friday, 11—Lecture by Dr. Smith in Auditorium. Subject, "Influence of the Bible on Shakespeare's Plays.'

Saturday, 12—Basketball, 1st team Sigmas victorious.

Monday, 14—Miss Cobb's Recital in Auditorium.

Saturday, 19—Basketball, 2d team Sigmas

JANUARY—*Continued*

Saturday, 26—Basketball, 1st team Sigmas.

Thursday, 31—Schubert Recital 5:00 in Auditorium, given by Miss Cobb's pupils.

FEBRUARY

Saturday, 2—Basketball, 1st team Sigmas, 3d Mus.

Monday, 4—Return of Class parties.

Friday, 8—Senior Japanese Tea in "Parlor," 4-6.

Saturday, 9—Basketball, 2d team Mus victorious.

Friday, 15—Music Recital in Auditorium 5:00 p.m.

Saturday, 16—Colonial Ball in the "Parlor."

Monday, 18—Lecture by Dr. Collier Cobb in Auditorium.

Wednesday, 20—Expression Recital, "Rising of the Moon" and "Spreading the News."

Thursday, 21—Talk by Mrs. Bickett in Study Hall.

Saturday, 23—Gym Exhibition 8:00 p.m., in the gymnasium.

Thursday, 28—Miss Feuner talks on "Sculpture."

MARCH

Wednesday, 5—Ash Wednesday. Special services in Chapel.

Wednesday, 12—Pupils' Recital.

Thursday, 13-Tuesday, 18—Spring holidays.

Saturday, 29—Inter-Society Debate.

Monday, 31—Volleyball.

APRIL

Thursday, 3—Pupils' Recital, 5:00 p.m.

Monday, 7—Volleyball.

Monday, 14—Volleyball.

Tuesday, 15—E. A. P. Model Meeting.

Thursday, 17—Sigma Lambda Model Meeting.

Monday, 21—Stunt Night.

Thursday, 24—Pupils' Recital 5 p.m.

Saturday, 29—Gym Tournament 8 p.m.

Monday, 28—Volleyball.

MAY

Monday, 5—May Day 4:00 p.m.

Monday, 12—Certificate Recital 8:00 p.m.
Miss Dorothy Graber—Piano.
Miss Helen Bryan Chamberlain—Expression.

Saturday, 17—Choral Concert.

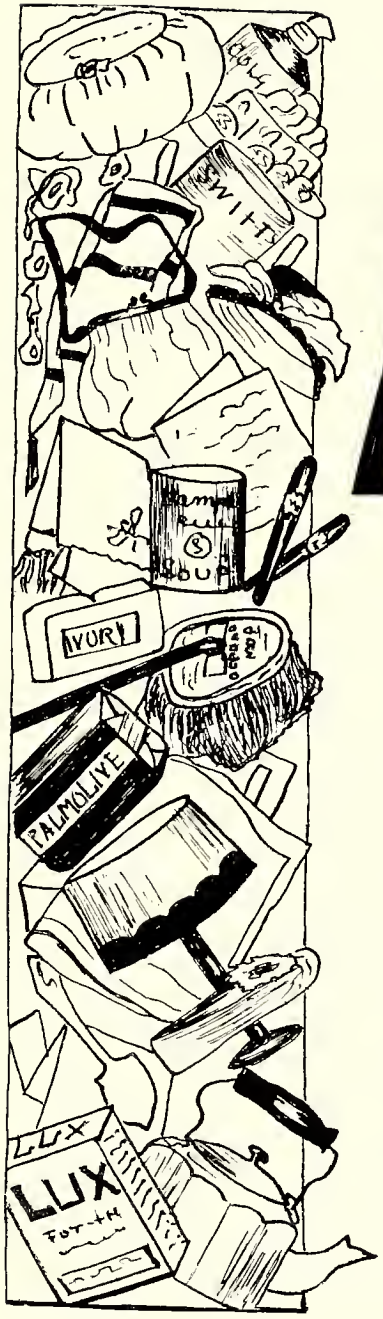
Saturday, 24—Commencement Play.

Sunday, 25—Baccalaureate Sermon.

Monday, 26—Class Day.

Tuesday, 27—Commencement.

Autographs



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"Why are they all leaving.
I wonder—Can't they read?
There are two more operas yet—
They're mighty stupid, indeed."

Thus quoth Mr. Stone
And on in the theatre sat—
'Til he alone was left
To enjoy the next act.

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Mr. Newlywed—"Yes, dear; but remember, I'm no test-tube."

SHE CAN'T TAKE IT.

Miss Turner—"Have you ever had Trigonometry?"

New Girl—"No, Ma'am, I've been vaccinated."

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✣ ✣

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Mr. Stone: "Miss Collier, please wake Miss Everett."

Babe: "Do it yourself. You're the one who put her to sleep."

✦ ✦

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The School gets all the fame.
The printer gets all the money,
But the staff gets all the blame.

—*Bingham Recall.*

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R-r-r-revenge! Little Jack had been so persistently naughty that mother just had to give him a good spanking, and all that afternoon a desire for revenge rankled in his little breast.

At length bedtime came, and kneeling down, he said his evening prayer, asking a blessing upon all the members of the family individually—except one. Then, rising, he turned to his mother with a triumphant look, saying as he climbed into bed, "I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."—*The Christian Guardian.*

Bud—(in a football game): "Who kicked me?"

Referee: "It's all right, it was a foul."

"A foul?" cried Bud. "Doggone, I thought it was a mule."

Doctor (in physical exam.): "I see your heart is at normal."

Fred: "No, siree. My heart's at G. C. W."

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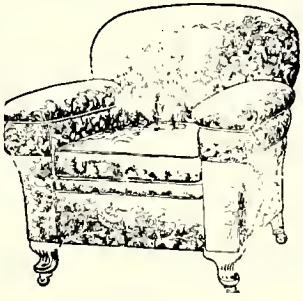
Lena: "I can't, it's Lent."
Jack: "Well, when they bring it back will you go?"

—Exchange.

Atom: "See where a bell hop got his eye burned out."
Molecule: "Yeah! Howzat!"
Atom: "Saw a lighted cigarette in the dark and took it for a keyhole."



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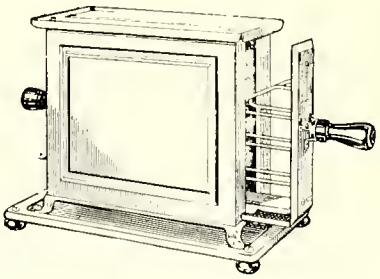

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"What, with those holes in your trousers?"

"Naw, with the kids across the street."
—Exchange.

She: "Isn't it strange that a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?"

Dumbell: "Let's get a string and see."
—Exchange.

Mr. Tucker: "Do you keep dog collars here?"

Absent-minded Clerk: "Yes, sir. What size do you wear?"

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Nell: "Jack is not a bit polite."
Bill: "How so?"
Nell: "Every time I tried to say a word to him at the football game, he would shout, "Hold that line."

+ +

Conservation in Extremis—The dying man shook his head tearfully and maintained. "I won't take it, no, Ikey, it tastes awful."

"But, mine dear fren," groaned Ikey, "you can't die and leave all these expensive medicines wasted."—Bison.

+ +

He dropped her compact on the floor,
Her look was one of objection.
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"Keep that school girl complexion."

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Tommy: Make it a dollar and I'll get you the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it.

✣ ✣

A TOAST TO A JOKE

The hardest words of heart and soul
Are those few words, "Oh, gosh! That's old."

✣ ✣

Latin is a dead language,
As dead as it can be.
It first killed all the Romans,
And now it's killing me.

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Tactics.—Their boat was drifting idly, the sun shone above, and the sea was serene; while she was sitting snugly. Then he proposed.

From the opposite end of the craft she gazed at him calmly. Then she said:

"As a matter of common sense, realizing that we are in this boat, on water more than fifty feet deep, and if you were going to act as you should act if I accepted you, we would be capsized. I will decline your proposal at this moment—but, George, row as fast as you can to the shore and ask me again."

That girl will make a good wife.

—*Boston Globe.*

Edwin Williams: John Roberts, what are you going to do in your old age?

John Roberts: Graduate.

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THE BETTER KIND

A Willing Sacrifice—"Mamma," said little Elsie, "I do wish I had some money to give you for the poor children."

Her mother, wishing to teach her the lesson of self-sacrifice, said: "Very well, dear; if you would like to go without sugar for a week I'll give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The little one considered solemnly for a moment and then said: "Must it be sugar, mamma?"

"Why, no, darling, not necessarily. What would you like to do without?"

"Soap, mamma," was Elsie's answer.

—*Boston Transcript.*

✦ ✦

Aside from That—AUTHOR—"Have you read my new book?"

FRIEND—"Yes."

AUTHOR—"What do you think of it?

FRIEND—"Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart."

—*Calgary Daily Herald.*

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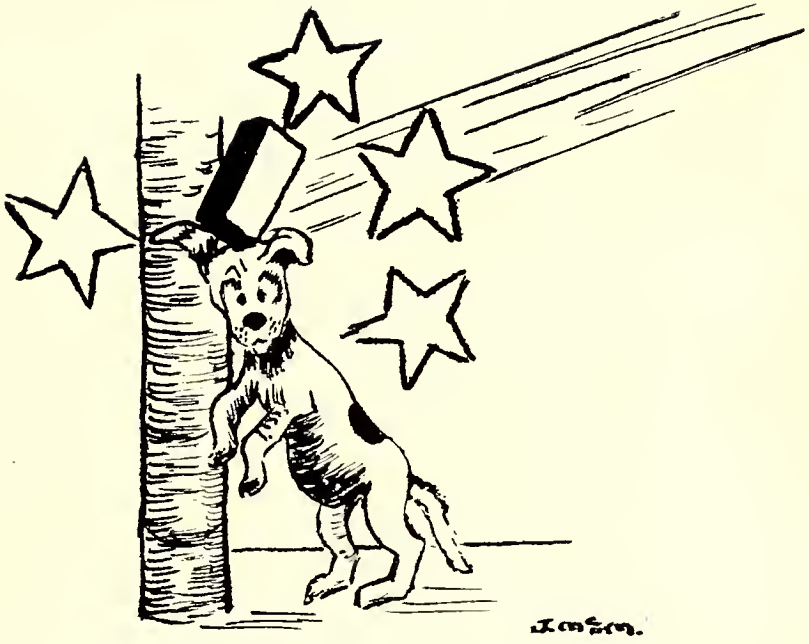

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